
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<http://books.google.com>



NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07490581 5

St. Raphael Branch
1 West ... Street

resident of the city of New York, for
super reference, may take out a book
or volumes (only one of fiction) and in
the current magazine can be had at

use, and these must always be ret.

applicant's library card with
the rules prescribe.

ok shall be kept out more than
and some are limited to one w
magazines may be kept only th.

ks kept over time a fine of one
day is incurred. Books not retain
nt for at THE COST OF THE BORR
not take another book until all c
id.

two-week book except su
"not renewable" may be ren
additional two weeks, if app

library hours, for the delivery
books, are from 9 A. M. to 9 P.
s.

Borrowers finding this b
d, written upon, mutilat
y detached, are expectec
ort it
arian.

245-P

We 2276

up this book Clean
Do not turn down the leaves
If the book is injured, or if this slip is
lost, no reg.

1. Poetry, ~~Religious~~, English

NCM
Petre

HYMNS AND VERSES.

HYMNS AND VERSES

BY
LADY CATHERINE PETRE

RE-ISSUE

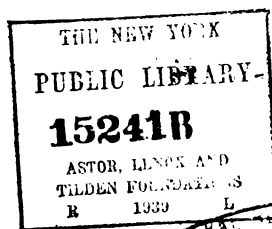
CENTRAL RESERVE

LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

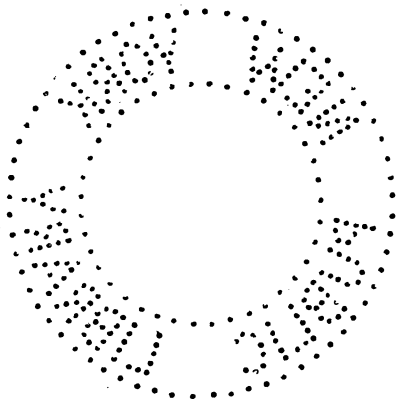
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

1902

UK
~~61144~~



~~LEAVE IN ORIGINAL SERVICE~~



CONTENTS.

WRITTEN BEFORE CONVERSION.

	PAGE
In Memoriam, 1845,	3
"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother,"	5
Darkness,	7
"I even am He that comforteth you,"	8
"Lord, in Thee have I hoped,"	9
In Memoriam,	10
In Memoriam,	12
Litany,	13
Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you,	15
Hymn,	17
On saying the Creed,	19
Lines on a little Allegorical Print,	20
Petitions to Jesus,	21
The Priest,	22
Praying for the Dead,	26
The Young Nun's Prayer,	28
Aspiration to Jesus,	30
Wanderings in Prayer,	31
Shadows,	34
The Chapel Bell,	35
The Sacred Heart,	38
Retrospection,	40
Thoughts for the Insignificant,	41

C.D. TRANSFER JUN 26 1939

2276

Digitized by Google

	PAGE
Weak Minds,	43
Sunset and Death,	45
Anxious Thoughts,	47
Empty Places in Church,	50
Hymn for Good Friday,	52
Sequel to the Foregoing,	55
Veni, Sancte Spiritus !	57
On some Relics of Martyrs seen at the Foreign Mission in Paris,	59
The Veils,	62

WRITTEN AFTER CONVERSION.

The Convent,	67
Soul of my Soul !	69
Christmas Carol,	71
Transfiguration of Our Lord,	73
The Immaculate Conception,	76
The Annunciation,	78
The Expectation of the Blessed Virgin,	80
Visitation of the B. V. Mary,	82
Feast of the Seven Dolours,	84
Lent by Mary's Side,	87
Stabat Mater,	89
The Assumption,	93
Euthanasia,	96
Heaven !	98
Purgatory,	101
Holy Baptism,	106
The Sacrament of Penance,	109
The Sacrament of Ordination,	113
Before Holy Communion,	116
After Holy Communion,	119
" Ave Maria ! "	122

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
The Two Crowns,	125
The Seven Blood-sheddings of Our Lord :—	
First Blood-shedding—The Circumcision,	127
Second Blood-shedding—The Agony,	129
Third Blood-shedding—The Scourging,	131
Fourth Blood-shedding—The Crown of Thorns,	133
Fifth Blood-shedding—The Road to Calvary,	135
Sixth Blood-shedding—The Crucifixion,	137
Seventh Blood-shedding—The Piercing of the Sacred Heart,	139
The Seven Words on the Cross :—	
" Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do,"	142
" To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,"	143
" Behold Thy Mother—behold Thy Son,"	144
" My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me,"	146
" I Thirst,"	148
" It is consummated,"	149
" Father, into Thy Hands I commend My Spirit,"	151
In Memoriam, December 19, 1876,	153
In Memoriam, March 17, 1877,	156
Lines suggested by the Ceremony at the Mortuary Chapel at Thorn-	
don, on the placing of the body of James, Earl of Derwent-	
water, in the Family Vault, October 16, 1874,	157
Lines from a Homily of St. Bernard,	160
The Riven Heart,	162
To Our Lady, on Her Assumption,	164
Then !	167
Utinam !	169
" Sic Facientem,"	171
Magdalene,	174
Lines on the Ruins of Thorndon Hall,	176
The Son of a King for me !.	178

WRITTEN BEFORE CONVERSION.

IN MEMORIAM, 1845.*

MY sister, oh ! and art thou gone
From this dark world of ours,
To where there beams a brighter sun,
And never fading flowers ?

I cannot bear to part from thee,
Sweet object of my love ;
Oh wilt thou think and pray for me
In the bright realms above ?

Can I lament the time is short,
And I shall soon again
Be joined to thee, where we shall feel
No sorrow and no pain ?

Thou wert not born to toil on earth,
Thy spirit was too pure ;
Now thou hast reached the happy port,
And thy salvation's sure.

* The poems dated 1845 were written at the age of fifteen.

We, not so blessed by far as thou,
So early snatched away,
Still see thee with the eyes of faith,
And to our Father pray,

That we at last may be like thee
Bright angels round His Throne,
When we for Him are rendered meet
And all our work is done.

Until that time, that happy time,
Sad mourners we must go,
We fallen sinners cannot hope
For pleasure here below.

But we may hope for pleasure when
This mortal life we close,
And, having stood in battle firm,
In Jesus we repose.

“THERE IS A FRIEND THAT STICKETH
CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.”*

THERE is a never-changing Friend
Who is possessed by me,
His tenderness for ever lasts,
No earthly Friend is He.

His is more lasting, more secure,
Than brother's faithful love,
In every danger, every ill,
His stronger far will prove.

'Tis He will soothe my troubled heart,
Save me from every harm,
And quiet my affrighted soul
In every vain alarm.

He'll guide my steps where they should go,
Direct me in the way,
And bring me back with tender love
Whene'er I go astray.

* Prov. xxiii.

And when my pilgrimage is closed
And death is drawing near,
He'll watch by me, my fear assuage,
My drooping spirit cheer.

With tender care He'll lead me on
Through Death's dark gloomy vale ;
In life or death, in weal or woe,
This Friend will never fail.

Teach me to love Thee as I ought,
Christ Jesus, my best Friend !
That now on earth, and soon in Heaven,
My love may never end.

1845.

DARKNESS.

O H, help us quickly, Father !
Most fervently we pray,
For troubles press on every side,
Oh, why dost Thou delay ?

Canst Thou have then forgotten
Our sufferings and our woe ?
Oh, check the unholy thought,
It never can be so.

Know that from those He loveth,
For a very little space
God sometimes turns, though not in wrath,
And hides from them His face.

But only wait with patience
The Lord's appointed day ;
And He, with blessings and with grace,
Thy patience will repay.

“I EVEN AM HE THAT COMFORTETH YOU.”*

ART thou in any sorrow?

Art thou in any grief?

The Lord Himself will comfort thee,

And send thy soul relief.

Dost thou mourn o'er thy blindness?

Thy ingratitude lament?

The Lord hath sworn to pardon those

Who honestly repent.

Whatever be thy troubles,

The Lord is always near,

To heal the wound Himself hath made,

Thy saddened heart to cheer.

1845.

* Isaiah.

“LORD, IN THEE HAVE I HOPED.”

WHEN everything around is bright,
 And, clothed with joy my heart is light,
 Then, lest of Thee I should lose sight,
 Good Lord, forsake me not !

When Thou the cup of woe hast sent,
 When every earthly tie is rent,
 And with distress my soul is bent,
 Good Lord, forsake me not !

When, stretched upon a painful bed,
 I cannot rest my aching head,
 Oh, Thou whose blood for me was shed,
 Good Lord, forsake me not !

And when the hour of death draws near
 To close my life of warfare here,
 Come Saviour, come, my soul to cheer ;
 Good Lord, forsake me not !

1845.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE day is fast declining, and the sun is sinking
down,
And the golden clouds surround it, like a bright and
glorious crown,
And the first sweet star of evening is shining up on high,
Peaceful and solitary in the lovely azure sky.

The labourer is hasting to his happy, cheerful hearth,
And everything is silent on the surface of the earth ;
Then I picture to my fancy that bright and happy plain,
Where the souls of the departed are resting from their
pain.

And among that glorious number I have singled out *one*
blest,
Who seems unto my fancy still brighter than the rest ;
'Twas one who walked among us like an angel sent from
God,
Whose feet were far too holy for the ground on which
she trod.

She was not sent for long, and soon the Almighty's word
was given,

She was taken from a guilty world, to dwell with Him in
Heaven ;

But though she has departed from us, she has left behind
The remembrance of her virtues to delight and charm
the mind.

And as I now sit musing here, I paint her to my sight,
Following the Lamb, where'er He goes, in robes of spot-
less white,

And she kneels before the mighty Throne, tuning a
heavenly song,

And, joined with kindred spirits, cries, "How long, O
Lord, how long?"

Oh, when shall I be fitted for that happy place of rest?

Oh, when shall I be meet to be united to the rest?

Oh, when shall I be pure enough to join that heavenly
host,

Who are ever giving praise to Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost?

1846.

IN MEMORIAM.

THEY sleep, and peaceful is their rest,
 No selfish grief shall fill my breast,
 They dwell with Him they loved the best,
 Our Saviour Christ.

Their hearts' first love to Him was given,
 Their minds were fixed on things of Heaven,
 With ransomed souls and sins forgiven,
 They dwell in joy.

The blessed train of saints they see,
 Th' Apostles' glorious company,
 And all Heaven's dazzling majesty,
 Is shown to them.

Oh ! hasten, Lord, the blessed day
 When Thou, the Truth, the Light, the Way,
 Shalt bear Thine own elect away
 To dwell with Thee.

1846.

LITANY.

O GOD the Father, King of Heaven,
 Against Thee we too oft have striven—
 O let Thy pardoning grace be given
 To miserable sinners !

O Christ, the true and only Son,
 Redeemer of the world, alone,
 Have pity and have mercy on
 Us miserable sinners !

Thou Holy Ghost, Who dost proceed
 From Father and from Son, oh, speed
 To help and save us in our need—
 Have mercy on us sinners !

O holy, blessed Trinity,
 Three Persons all in unity,
 Enthroned in glorious Majesty,
 Have mercy on us sinners !

Remember not the offences past—
Do not on us Thy vengeance cast,
But let Thine anger cease at last—
Spare us, good Lord !

Oh, let Thy grace with us abide—
From envy, hatred, wrath and pride,
And every other sin beside,
Good Lord, deliver us !

By Thy holy Incarnation—
By Thy Birth and Circumcision—
Baptism, Fasting and Temptation,
Good Lord, deliver us !

By Thy Cross and bitter pain,
By the grave where Thou wast lain,
By Thy return to life again,
Good Lord, deliver us !

When joy or grief is in our way,
When Thou dost call our souls away,
And in the awful Judgment Day,
Good Lord, deliver us !

London, 1846.

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM, FOR
HE CARETH FOR YOU.

WHEN, in affliction's bitter hour,
We bend in silent grief,
And not one earthly friend has power
To soothe or give relief ;

When earthly ties are breaking fast,
And hopes and visions bright
Fade like a summer evening's last
Faint glimmerings of light ;

Then, with our load of grief opprest,
How sweet to cast our eyes
To that fair land of peace and rest
In which our treasure lies.

Where our great Saviour, Priest and King,
Th' Eternal Home prepares,
Where He His weary sheep may bring,
To rest from all their cares.

And where the friends that we have lost
From earth's communion here,
Have joined the blest, triumphant host,
And wait to greet us there.

Oh, happy time ! oh, blessed day !
When we shall meet above—
Then let us now all strive, and pray
To our great God of love !

That, having run our earthly race—
Our sins being all forgiven—
We soon may see Him face to face,
And dwell with Him in Heaven !

1846.

H Y M N.

FATHER, Lord, in mercy hear me,
 Low I fall before Thy Throne—
 Let Thy gracious presence cheer me,
 Let me never be alone !

Shed a holy calm around me,
 Hold me by Thy mighty arm—
 Let Thy angel bands surround me,
 Shielding me from every harm !

Blessed Jesus, now in Heaven,
 Interceding still for me,
 Let all my love to Thee be given,
 May I ever cling to Thee !

Make my heart Thy seat and dwelling :
 Free it from its guilty load !
 Every evil passion quelling,
 Make it fit for Thine abode !

Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
Ever guiding me to right—
Oh, do Thou my soul inspire,
Fill it with Thy heavenly light.

Ascribing power, praise, and merit,
Humbly kneeling I adore ;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Bless me now and evermore !

1847.

ON SAYING THE CREED.

GRACIOUS Lord, my prayer receive—

Make me steadfastly believe

This pure and holy Creed !

Let not Satan, by his art,

With doubts and fears disturb my heart,

But help me in my need !

In the comfort of this faith

Let me close my eyes in death,

And open them in Heaven ;

Where, to the Blessed Trinity,

All might, and power, and majesty,

And glory shall be given !

1847.

LINES ON A LITTLE ALLEGORICAL PRINT.

START not, Pilgrim, back with trembling,
 Though the road be rough and long,
 Though thy hosts of foes assembling
 Strive against thee, fierce and strong.

Though thy feet be torn and gory,
 Pierced with thorns at every tread ;
 Those sharp thorns now strewn before Thee
 Pierced and tore *His* Sacred Head.

And though all around seem dreary,
 Could thine eyes but pierce the veil,
 Thou wouldst see thy Saviour near thee,
 And thy heart no more could fail.

Fix thine eyes on yon blue Heaven,
 Clasp the Cross unto thy breast ;
 Help and strength to Thee are given—
 Hasten, Pilgrim, to thy rest !

Naples, 1847.

PETITIONS TO JESUS.

LORD Jesus, give me grace and power
 To consecrate my life to Thee—
 May every day and every hour
 Find me from worldliness more free.

Show me the path Thy saints have trod,
 The painful path of penitence—
 And spare not, Lord, Thy chastening rod
 To bring me to obedience.

Let me be crucified with Thee,
 And dead to earth and all its charms,
 Let sin no more reign over me,
 But keep me safe within Thine Arms!

Teach me to own no will but Thine—
 Give me Thy deep humility :
 By sternest, bitterest discipline
 Make me to cleanse my heart for Thee !

Make me with gratitude to bear
The crosses that beset my way ;
I ask Thee not to spare me here,
But save me in the Judgment day

Grant that my days may all be spent
In holy works, and deeds of love ;
And let my mind be wholly bent
On laying treasure up above.

Whatever sphere be marked for me,
Make me, good Lord, fulfil my part ;
Fill me with deepest love to Thee,
Take sole possession of my heart !

Geneva, 1848.

THE PRIEST.

STILL, in his lonely chamber kneels the priest ;
While others lay them down in calm repose ;
Or some, perchance, in gay and mirthful feast,
Heed not how fast the fleeting moment goes.

But he is lowly bent in earnest prayer,
Nor yet may slumber seal his wakeful eye,
Short hours of rest he taketh for his share,
He watcheth ere the bridegroom's voice be nigh.

Yea, when his daily toils and cares are o'er,
And the last evening services are said,
In private then doth he his soul outpour,
And prayeth for the living and the dead.

And thus the long, lone evenings he doth spend,
And scarcely giveth time for needful food ;
With God his day beginneth, and doth end,
Each passing moment occupied in good.

And then, his soul refreshed with holy prayer,
When he at last would rest his weary head,
Perchance some dying one demands his care,
And he must hasten to the sick man's bed.

He doth not linger, and in time is there
To hear the dying penitent confess—
To soothe his grief—to banish all despair,
And with deep, solemn voice absolve and bless.

His is a face on which men love to look,
So gently sweet, and yet, withal, so stern ;
And from it they, as from a written book,
The history of his life might almost learn.

One readeth there, upon his calm, pale brow,
Of silent grief, that once his heart hath torn ;
Affections he hath learned to conquer now,
And cares, whereby his earthly frame is worn.

And there is something in his deep, dark eye,
Commanding love, and fear, and reverence meet ;
Proud spirits are abashed when he is by,
His glance could bring the haughty to his feet.

Oh ! who could see him, and yet love him not ?
Who would not crave his blessing to obtain ?

It seems, almost, as if no sinful spot
 Could rest on him, or slightest earthly stain.

Such priests are given us by our Saviour kind,
 To help and guide us on the painful way ;
They hold the mighty keys to loose and bind,
 Oh ! may we all their warning voice obey !

Shelton, 1849.

PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

OH tell us not our prayers are vain,
 When we would breathe them for our Dead !
 Say not that we can nought obtain
 For those loved spirits that have fled !

May we not check the bitter tear,
 Which else we scarce might bid to cease,
 In prayer for those who loved us here—
 For their eternal rest and peace ?

Ye tell us that the die is cast,
 When they are hidden from our eyes :
 And be it so—their day is past—
 We would not wish it otherwise.

And yet we pray—we love to pray—
 That they may rise with sins forgiven,
 In glory at the last great Day,
 With perfect bliss to enter Heaven.

And never shall we deem it wrong
To weave with Prayer a golden thread,
Forming a tie so dear and strong
To bind us to our living Dead.

And, if that prayer they need no more,
Which we so fondly offer up,
Perchance it yet one drop may pour
Of holy joy in their full cup.

We pray for them—and they for us—
Why drive away a thought so sweet?
We will believe it so—and thus
We join them at our Saviour's Feet.

We only seek—then cease to chide—
That peace, which, if by some abused,
God's sacred Word hath ne'er denied,
Our holy Church hath ne'er refused.

Shelton, 1849.

THE YOUNG NUN'S PRAYER.

HOLY Mary, Queen of Heaven,
 Look with pity on thy child ;
 See my heart in prey to visions,
 Earthly fancies, vain and wild.

When the solemn vow I uttered
 All earth's pleasures to resign,
 I deemed no worldly thought could enter
 In this heart, no longer mine.

But within the still seclusion
 Of the holy convent's shade,
 Thoughts of earth have stained the off'ring
 I unto thy Son have made.

I have thought upon my childhood,
 All my joys for ever past :
 Till the tears have come unbidden,
 Flowing bitterly and fast.

Oh, might holier tears, and purer,
Chase these sinful ones away !
Tears of penitential anguish—
Prayer unwearied, night and day.

Till the heart, by sternest penance,
Crushed and humbled to the ground,
Learn to love the peaceful cloister,
Where its holiest joys are found.

Who can paint the bliss celestial,
When the painful task is o'er !
When all earthly thoughts and passions
Haunt and vex the soul no more ?

Holy Mary, Blessed Mother,
Watch me with thy tender care—
Win for me my Saviour's mercy,
Through thine ever mighty prayer.

Brighton, 1849.

ASPIRATION TO JESUS.

I WOULD, O Lord, I had a garden fair
 Within my heart, where Thou couldst come to bless,
 And walk around 'mid fruits and flowers rare—
 Alas ! what have I but a wilderness ?

All parched and dry, with many a noxious weed,
 The soul for which Thy love hath done so much ;
 Oh, Thou hast toiled and laboured hard indeed,
 Will nothing spring beneath Thy sacred touch ?

The dew hath fallen from the heavens on high,
 The sun hath darted down his genial ray ;
 Yet the poor plants are withering as they lie :
 They speak of cold neglect, and sad decay.

Dear Lord—sweet Lord !—how often wilt Thou turn,
 And speak so gently to a heart of stone ?
 Thy voice, Thy gaze, at length have bid me mourn ;
 Oh, pardon me, for I am all Thine own.

WANDERINGS IN PRAYER.

THINE own disciples slept, dear Lord,
 Nor could they watch with Thee one hour ;
 And can the soul no strength afford—
 And hath the flesh such power ?

And yet, perchance, those hearts so true
 Were rapt in Thee the while they slept ;
 In spirit bore Thy pains in view,
 And for Thy sorrows wept.

But I must weep for shame alone,
 Nor dare I claim this comfort sweet ;
 This soul, O Jesus ! all Thine own,
 Grows weary at Thy feet !

Weary ! oh, it is passing strange
 That love like Thine be so repaid ;

A love beyond thought's widest range,
And ever near to aid.

That Thou shouldst look with tender gaze,
And I should turn mine eyes away,
And through the world's entangled maze
Suffer my mind to stray.

This is too bad. Ah, dearest Lord,
All hindrance in my heart destroy,
That there may be no jarring chord—
That prayer may be my joy !

Oh, that I might to all grow cold
Which brings me not more close to Thee !
Oh, that I might as nothing hold
What now seems fair to me !

For nought is fair save Thy sweet love,
And nought is bright save Thy fond smile ;
Oh, let its beaming from above
Linger on me awhile !

With glowing spirit let me pray,
And shed compunction's holy tear ;
These cold distractions make my way
So sorrowful and drear.

Now once again Thine aid I claim,
That I may lose myself in Thee ;
And burn with ardour for Thy name,
And love eternally !

SHADOWS.

THE shadows that around us lie
 Betoken that the sun is clear,
Shining in love and majesty,
 To gladden and to cheer.

And so the shades of sorrowing care,
 That rest upon our path awhile,
Speak of a sun more bright and fair—
 Speak of a Saviour's smile.

Oh, let us learn such gloom to love,
 Nor shrink away from pain and loss ;
The pathway to our home above
 Is shaded by the Cross !

THE CHAPEL BELL.

WHEN the morning sun is shedding
Rays of bright and glowing light,
And the woods and lawn are beaming
Fair and pleasant to the sight :

Then, beside my open window,
Stand I with attentive ear,
If perchance the balmy breezes
Waft the sound I love to hear.

'Tis a sound that ever charms me
As it were by magic spell ;
'Tis the faint and distant pealing
Of the little chapel bell.

Why should chapel bell have power
Thus to draw my heart away ?
'Tis because I love its summons,
Yet the call may ne'er obey.

It calleth them in whose communion
I may not have part or share,
And I long and sigh to join them,
For my heart and soul are there.

Church that I shall ever cherish !
Church that I could wish to join !
I may never call thee Mother !
Though my heart's best love is thine !

And my longing, restless spirit,
Fain would seek itself a home
Calm within Thy peaceful bosom,
Holy, glorious Church of Rome !

But stern duty keeps me from thee,
Bids my fond desire to cease ;
Binds me where my God hath placed me,
There to seek for rest and peace.

I must gaze in mournful silence
On those rites I may not share ;
Such is my appointed portion,
Such the cross that I must bear.

I must learn to live in patience,
Walking where my lot is cast ;

Praying still with earnest longing
That the time may come at last.

When the strife of churches ended,
Sweet communion all shall hold—
Gathered by one living Shepherd
In *one* peaceful, blessed fold !

THE SACRED HEART.

THERE is a loved chapel where all may meet,
 Though their faith be not the same,
 And there they may hold communion sweet,
 Breathing one dear precious Name.

And 'mid the sharp strife that rends us here,
 From this chapel we ne'er will part;
 This name is the Name of Jesus dear,
 The chapel of His Sacred Heart.

There are those whose tear-drops will not cease,
 They weep for Christ's body torn ;
 But in England's church they seek for peace,
 For there they have been new-born.

There are some whose eager glances turn
 To Rome, both in love and fear,
 O God ! how their hearts within them burn
 To call her their mother dear !

There are some who always owned her sway,
And some who will own it now ;
Oh ! where can we all then meet to pray ?
Where may we in union bow ?

One only spot—yea, in one alone ;
And from here we ne'er will part ;
It is no building of wood or stone—
'Tis the chapel of J̄esus' Heart.

RETROSPECTION.

WHERE are the vows which erst for me were spoken?

Where the Baptismal robe all pure and white?

The Cross upon my brow—the holy token

That I have sworn in Christ's dear Name to fight?

The vows—oh, let me bend me down in shame,

For they are broken—thrown away, past by:

The fair white robe, my God, I cannot claim,

Its brightness hath been stained with many a dye.

The Cross—the Holy Cross! where is it now?

With pure Baptismal water I would fain

Imprint that sign once more upon my brow,

And be a humble, loving child again!

Open Thou, Lord, the fountains of mine eyes—

Let tears flow forth in ever plenteous store;

Teach me to feel that love which never dies,

And weep as I have never wept before.

Torquay, 1850.

THOUGHTS FOR THE INSIGNIFICANT.

METHINKS we are but vain and useless here—
 The world would never miss us from our place—
 We watch, within our small and narrow sphere,
 The noble deeds of others of our race—

'Tis not, God ! that ever thought of pride,
 Or thankless discontent, our hearts shall stain,
 Because in calm oblivion we abide,
 Praying that others their bright crowns may gain.

But when we view hard battles bravely fought,
 By holy Bishop, in his sacred power,
 By self-denying Priests, each day and hour
 Striving for that pure Faith they have been taught—

When we behold great works of other kind,
 And see wealth, time, and labour nobly spent,
 Each faculty of body and of mind,
 To aid the poor, the sick, the penitent—

Such things as these, which win our reverent love,
And call down brightest blessings from above,
Make us to feel our own poor nothingness—
No power have we to fight, to work, to bless !

But then, oh thanks be to Thee, Saviour dear !
By whom a thought of comfort hath been given,—
Our places never would seem vacant here,
But yet we should be missed by Thee in Heaven !

And Thou dost treasure up our cold, poor love,
So worthless as it is to offer Thee—
Our lowly prayers, imperfect though they be,
Are stored like costly gifts in Heaven above.

O sweetest Saviour ! when this thought doth rise,
That we are dear and precious in Thine Eyes,
E'en *we* may feel our sacred dignity,
For all is noble that is loved by Thee !

Leave we to others then, in reverence meet,
The holiest place, the brightest diadem—
Rejoicing at the bliss in store for them—
And there is place for all beneath our Saviour's Feet !

Torquay, 1850.

WEAK MINDS.

THEY say we are weak-minded—be it so—
 Let them laugh on in all their Wisdom's pride—
 While we in faith and meekness will abide,
 And reap the fruit such humbling words bestow.
 When we with greater frequency attend
 The Church's holy rites, and daily prayer,
 Seeking for those choice blessings which descend
 Most richly, where hath been most ceaseless care,
 We enter then a stern but wholesome school—
 Those things which we most deeply prize, we find
 Laid to the weakness of our woman's mind,
 And made the theme of pitying ridicule.
 But we will take it, though 'tis hard to bear,
 Humiliation is to be our share—
 And weakness, so despised as ours, at length
 Shall prove itself to be our greatest strength.

Let us strive on, submissive, calm, and meek,
Glowing in Faith, and Hope, and Christian Love,
Inwardly strong, while yet men call us weak,
Strong in the grace which cometh from above—
And so, all earthly tempers sacrificed,
More and more closely let us live to Christ.

Torquay, 1850.

SUNSET AND DEATH.

THE bright red sun is dipping in the ocean,
And leaves us to our quiet evening rest ;
Sinking and sinking, in its viewless motion,
Clothing all things around in golden vest.

Fair though the evening be, we fear the morrow,
For clouds are rising slow in threat'ning power,
They gather round, like harbingers of sorrow,
Marring the sweetness of a peaceful hour.

Yet ever calmly is the red sun sinking,
And soon shall vanish from our gazing sight ;
And silently it sets our spirits thinking
On its departing course of glory bright—

Happy the dead who go to their long sleeping,
When shadows dark forebode the evil day ;
Unruffled by the darkness slowly creeping,
They clasp their hands in peace, and pass away.

Happy the spirits whom our God hath taken
Safe to His Bosom, from the storms of life ;
Ere their pure faith by cruel fears was shaken,
Too gentle they to meet the coming strife.

So think we, as we trust them to His keeping,
And shake the cold earth on their narrow beds—
Ah me ! o'er them have we no cause for weeping,
Who in the calmer days their course have sped ?

But *we* must wait and watch, in fear and trembling,
Not knowing where our future path may be ;
About, around, the foes are all assembling,
And on our Faith depends our destiny.

Yet, while we bless the souls of the departed,
We shrink not back from aught our Lord shall send :
We will be brave, and true, and loyal-hearted,
Patient in hope, enduring to the end.

Bear we within our hearts His Cross, deep-rooted,
Watered by contrite tears, and fenced by prayers !
Bind on His armour, to the fight well-suited—
Thus may we for the evil days prepare !

Torquay, 1850.

ANXIOUS THOUGHTS.

WHAT if she should in might return,
 Whom some would bid us hate and spurn !
 Who, when for unity we sigh,
 Tell us we seek idolatry,
 Who, when we crave *one* fold, *one* home,
 Cry in our ears, "No peace with Rome !"

Widen the gulf, alas ! too broad and deep,
 Upon whose brink we stand, and sadly gaze, and weep.

What if once more on English land
 Her banner should victorious stand ?
 For year by year, and day by day,
 She wins our Church's sons away ;
 And they, the severing gulf once past,
 Tell us they find sweet peace at last ;
 And call on us, with outstretched arms, to come,
 And learn the one true faith, in one true rock-built home.

And we who stay are tossed about
By winds of fear, on waves of doubt ;
Trembling lest we our own blind choice
Mistake for Christ's commanding voice ;
While England's church, alas ! is found
Laid low and prostrate on the ground—
Wanting the courage to assert her right,
Loosing the heavenly reins she should have held so tight.

Oh, weary days of trial sore !
When dark clouds threaten to outpour
In chilling showers o'er the soul—
Oh, Thou, who canst these storms control,
Canst bid these awful doubts to cease,
And speak the words of sweet release,
To Thee we fly, who with Thy blood are bought :
To Thee where never shelter hath been vainly sought.

Lo ! to Thy Feet we firmly cling,
Casting before Thee everything ;
Our doubts and dread, our hope and fear,
All that weighs down our spirits here ;
Within Thy heart we hide, and still
By meek obedience learn Thy will ;
Oh, let us, in these days of anxious care,
Less loudly talk of strife, more often kneel in prayer !

Too happy, if we may but say,
With truth, upon our dying day :
“ In England’s church my lot was cast,
And I have owned her to the last ;
In her communion and her faith
I enter the dark vale of death ;
Held by His hand, whose faithful Spouse is she,
Blest thought ! I am His own for all eternity !”

Torquay, 1850.

EMPTY PLACES IN CHURCH.

THOSE whom we love are gone away from us ;
And say, how is it thus ?

Within the silent tomb they are not laid,
'Neath the dark cypress shade ;
It is not absence that doth break our bond,
Parted by sea or land,
'Tis when we pass beneath our own church door,
We find them there no more.

Many and sad the thoughts within us stealing,
At our own altars kneeling,
To feel that while life's common tasks we share,
We part at hours of prayer ;
No union now in faith and holy creed—
Oh, this is hard indeed !

Yet harder, when blest thoughts the mind should fill.
One feeling haunts us still—
What if *they* should have found the sunshine bright,

While we refuse the light ?
Saviour, in this our spirit's trial hour,
Give Thy sustaining power !

And guard us well, lest love's all-ruling sway
Lead our poor hearts astray ;
Lest, mourning selfishly our own sad loss,
We should forget our cross,
And follow those we love too trustingly,
Instead of watching Thee.

Great Shepherd, ever guarding, never sleeping,
Take us into Thy keeping !
We are Thy sheep, we walk in doubt and fear,
Unless Thy voice we hear.
Speak to us, then, and let Thy light shine round
On our appointed ground !

Torquay, 1850.

HYMN FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

LOW before Thy cross we fall,
Gentle Saviour of us all ;
Pict'ring in our spirit's eye
That sad hill where Thou didst die.

Bitter was Thy dying bed,
Drooping hung Thine aching head ;
And Thine arms outstretched so wide
Call us in those wounds to hide.

Let us gaze and linger still,
Long on Calvary's dark hill ;
Where the loving feet have trod
Of our Saviour and our God !

Sharply roused from careless sleep,
Here our cold hearts learn to weep ;
Trembling at past sloth and sin,
Learn to love stern discipline.

Days to come seem dark and drear,
But there is sweet refuge here ;
Here, while tempests rage around,
Calm unearthly shall be found.

Holy gifts fall plenteously
From this ever-fruitful tree ;
And its rays of glory bright
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Sweet, when tears fall down in showers,
Thinking on His Passion hours ;
Yea, the eyes from whence they stream,
Soon with rapturous love shall gleam.

Never tear was shed in vain
O'er His agony of pain ;
Christ doth reckon every sigh,
Every tear from every eye.

Oh ! that we might day by day
Draw our hearts from earth away,
All its clinging fetters break,
'Neath the Cross our dwelling make.

Linger we to count the price ?
Shrink we from the sacrifice ?

Banish every coward fear,
It is good that we be here.

Jesus, ever as we kneel,
Thou dost pardon, bless, and heal ;
Yet on this day specially,
We would cling to Calvary.

Hear us, as we weep and pray
On thine awful, dying day !
Heart and soul we consecrate,
Jesus, for 'Thy love is great !

Torquay, 1850.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

HAVE I thus on Calvary stood,
 Watched the thickly dropping blood,
 And have I forgotten quite
 Thee, O Mary ! Mother bright ?

Oh ! cold-hearted ones who say,
 Love to thee must steal away
 That which to thy Son is due—
 Words mistaken and untrue.

None so near to Him as those
 Who on Mary's breast repose ;
 They must bravely own His Name,
 Who sweet Mary's prayers would claim.

Mother blest, how oft have I
 Coldly put thy memory by !
 Now those careless days are past,
 Better thoughts have come at last.

May my heart, no longer cold,
Now to thee its grief unfold,
And each tear become a gem
In thy glorious diadem.

Torquay, 1850.

VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS !

SPIRIT of eternal might,
 From Thy Throne of glory bright
 Come to us in radiant light !

Come, O Father of the poor,
 Shedding gifts in plenteous store—
 Light to saddened hearts restore !

Giver Thou of calm repose,
 When the bright sun fiercely glows,
 When the tear of anguish flows !

Soother of the weary breast !
 Ever welcome, glorious Guest !
 Giver of calm peace and rest !

Dazzling Ray of light divine,
 On Thy faithful people shine,
 Be their hearts Thy hallowed shrine—

Wash away each sinful dye—
Moisten what is parched and dry—
Heal the heart's deep agony !

Bend the will *we* cannot tame,
Kindle it with love's bright flame—
From crooked paths our feet reclaim !

Let Thy sevenfold graces flow
On Thy faithful here below—
Thine they are, in weal or woe.

Crown their souls with mercy's store !
Lead them thro' the heavenly door—
Grant them bliss for evermore ! Amen.

1850.

ON SOME RELICS OF MARTYRS SEEN AT
THE FOREIGN MISSION IN PARIS.

I SAW a small and dark-stained cross, whereon
A holy martyr's life-blood had been shed—
A priest, who had that glorious chaplet won,
Wherewith Our Lord doth crown the martyr's head.

And meekly had he yielded up his life
To those whose heathen souls he sought to win,
And gladly hailed the close of mortal strife,
And mourned alone for them who thus could sin.

And as I gazed upon our Faith's blest sign,
Which he had clasped in his last agony,
I thought upon that love and strength divine,
So full of deep and wondrous mystery.

And then there came a sad and bitter thought,
Could I too learn to count my life but dross?

Could *I* too learn to fight as martyrs fought ?
And perish, rather than disown the Cross ?

Ah me ! I could not ; yet no more could saints
Alone pass thro' the fearful discipline ;
E'en tho' the soul be strong, the weak flesh faints,
The love, O Jesus ! and the strength are Thine.

Oh, Thou, who readest well my coward heart !
Give to me courage firm, for holy strife,
Give me the love that from no pain will start,
The martyr's spirit in my daily life !

For we must all have thorns upon our way,
The smoothest path must have its pain and care ;
And we these thorns should gather day by day,
And love them for His sake who placed them there.

Have we not all each day some cross to take ?
To bear with angry look, and temper strong ?
To hear rude words in silence for His sake ?
For we to a much-injured Lord belong.

May we not make a daily sacrifice,
And offer up to Him the heart and will,—
Yet sadly own that nothing can suffice
The measure of our loving debt to fill ?

Thus may we gain the martyr's love and faith,
Though all unworthy of the martyr's crown ;
Thus learn how sweet to own Him to the death,
For Him who gave us life, to lay it down.

Torquay, 1850.

THE VEILS.

LO ! my guardian angel
 Brought two veils to me :
 One was bright and dazzling,
 Broidered gorgeously.

Thick and dark the other,
 Strange the contrast seemed,
 Yet upon the dark veil
 Bright the sun-rays beamed.

Then my guardian angel
 Spoke in accents mild :—
 “ Both of these are holy,
 See them now, dear child.

“ That one, white and brilliant,
 To earthly bride is given,
 This unto the lowly
 Cloistered spouse of Heaven.”

Then I fell in reverence,
Low I bent my head,
And unto Our Saviour,
Tremblingly I said :—

“ Lord, Thou only knowest
Which is best for me ;
Where Thy loved voice biddeth
I will follow Thee.

“ But oh ! if Thou wilt call me
To be more closely Thine,
Then Jesus, dearest Jesus,
Be the dark veil mine.”

Paris, 1850.

WRITTEN AFTER CONVERSION.

THE CONVENT.

WHEN life is in its flower,
 And youth is in its spring,
 Then kneel before Thy Saviour's cross,
 And yield Him everything.

Thy heart and its affections,
 Oh, tear them from this earth !
 Nor stain the robe He gave to thee
 Pure at thy second birth !

Wouldst thou devote more fully
 Thy young life, even now ?
 Then take the holy convent veil,
 And bind it o'er thy brow.

Then shall thy days glide swiftly,
 In prayer and deeds of love,
 Thy spirit ever soaring high,
 'Mid the blest saints above.

There, on the Church's bosom,
Repose thy weary head,
When thy loved Lord shall lay thee down,
To join the holy dead.

Sweet is that peaceful slumber—
Yea, sweet the parting pain;
And bright shall be the glorious sun
That wakes thee up again !

SOUL OF MY SOUL !

SOUL of my soul, dearest Jesus !
 Brightest stream of love divine !
 Draw me, sweetest Lord, unto Thee,
 Do Thou bind my heart to Thine.

Soul of my soul, dearest Jesus !
 Give to me my daily food,
 Feed me with Thy own pure Body,
 Bathe me in Thy precious Blood.

Soul of my soul, dearest Jesus !
 I'm no longer now mine own ;
 Teach me, while I here do linger,
 But to live for Thee alone !

Yea, dear Lord, Thy yoke is easy,
 Fain would I the burthen bear,
 For my soul is worn and weary
 With its load of earthly care.

Only let me feel Thee near me,
Only give one loving smile,
That shall strengthen, aid, and cheer me
All my lonely hours beguile.

Lay Thy Cross upon my shoulder,
I will hail the transient pain ;
In reproach is all our glory,
Self-denial is our gain.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

DRY your tears, ye silent mourners !
 Fling the sorrow from your breast !
 See the dawn of happy Christmas—
 “ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Christ has come to dwell among us,
 He hath come to give us rest ;
 He hath come our foes to vanquish—
 “ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Angels sing their joyous carol,
 Angels in the snowy vest,
 Bowing down in adoration—
 “ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Welcome Him with loving worship,
 Welcome Him our precious Guest ;
 Bless Him now and bless Him ever—
 “ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Oh, the jubilee in Heaven !
Oh, the raptures of the blest !
Unto us a Child is given—
“ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Ring the bells, and swing the censers,
Let our gladness be exprest
In each outward act and token—
“ Verbum caro factum est ”.

Grateful words will give Him pleasure,
But our grateful deeds are best ;
Let them all be for His honour—
“ Verbum caro factum est ”.

1854.

TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

OH, it is good for me to dwell in sweetness !
 Lord, I will pitch my tent on Thabor's mount ;
 And taste of holy joys in their completeness,
 From Heaven's pure fount.

Nay, nay, my soul, thirst not for delectation ;
 It is *not* good to dwell in rapturous joy :
 Earth is not meant for constant jubilation,
 Without alloy.

Despair not, though thy path of prayer be lonely :
 Fret not, because thou seemest dull and cold :
 Trials like these receive as blessings only,
 Precious as gold.

Oh, 'tis a glorious thing to serve God purely,
 Making this end alone our recompense !

To serve Him daily, steadily, and surely,
In penitence.

Shall I be perfected through consolation,
When I such coward heart to Jesus bring?
When He was perfected, for our salvation,
Through suffering?

The holy saints sought out profound abjection;
Nor asked from God the raptures that He sent:
But gave unto the Cross their best affection—
Be thou content.

The path of dryness may be safer for thee,
My soul, then bend thee not in sadness down;
A life of sweetness wins not future glory,
Nor heavenly crown!

Courage! the flame of love may still be burning,
Although its genial heat thou dost not feel:
Courage! and to the holy fight returning,
Renew thy zeal!

Supremely bright, beyond what tongue can mention,
Is the reward for those who suffer here:
Who serve their Master with a pure intention,
Through many a tear.

But ask not thou much recompense for sorrow—

Be generous—and at Thy Lord's command,
Strive on to-day—and calmly leave to-morrow
Safe in His hand !

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

GUIDE thou my pen, O Mother, best and dearest !

For how can sinner write on theme so high ?

Inspire my heart with visions brightest, clearest,

For nothing will be hard if thou art nigh.

Speak to my soul, and tell the wondrous story,

How God for ever marked thee as His own,

Fair vessel that should hold such floods of glory !

Yea, hold Himself, the great eternal One !

And pure He destined thee, and pure preserved thee,

In soul and body, bright, immaculate :

From the dread curse original reserved thee,

One pearl amid a world so desolate.

Bravely, O Mother ! has thy heart responded ;

Well hast thou treasured every loving grace ;

Never, for one brief hour, hast thou desponded,

Or shrunk from the stern duties of thy place.

From first to last, in holy trust believing
Things that were far beyond all human lore,
From first to last, yet higher gifts receiving,
And offering up to God the fruit they bore.

Thy heart is one vast field for meditation !
Mother, I write no more, I can but pray ;
And raise my heart in grateful adoration
To Him who worketh in a wondrous way !

And oh ! when they, who look on thee so coldly,
Ponder in earnest on our holy creed,
Can they be angered if we say so boldly,
Christ's chosen Mother must be pure indeed ?

Spotless and stainless e'en from the beginning,
Must be the dwelling of the Incarnate Word ;
Nor shall the Evil One exult in winning
One place within the temple of the Lord.

Mother, look down, in holiest compassion,
On those who will not see how dear thou art !
Drive far from them the clouds of pride and passion,
And join us all within thy loving heart.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

"HAIL Mary ! thou art full of grace !"

Exalted to the noblest place

In earth and heaven !

Our God of glory is with thee ;

All blessings highest in degree

To thee are given.

Above all women, fair, resplendent,

Thou meek and lovely one, descendant

Of David's line !

Ancestral pride thou little heedest,

And royal blood but little needest—

Thou sacred shrine !

Gifts costlier are for thee in store,

And honours that avail far more

Than rank of earth ;

Thou hast thy heart to God devoted,

For our salvation art promoted

To give Him birth.

O God ! Thy message doth appear
To fall uncared for on her ear—

So calm she stands !

Her sacred promise must endure ;
She has consigned herself, all pure,
Into Thy hands.

The vow she knows so prized by Thee—

The vow of her virginity—

May not be broken.

Rather will she her bliss resign—

Yield the maternity divine—

Salvation's token.

O Mary ! thou hast won thy way

Thy vow shall never pass away—

Thou art God's treasure !

Virgin and Mother thou shalt be,

And shine through all eternity,

Bright beyond measure !

THE EXPECTATION OF THE BLESSED
VIRGIN.

BEHOLD the handmaid of the Lord !

Oh ! may the unction of each word,
That fell from those pure lips of thine,
Sink deep within me, Mother mine !

Sorrow and joy those calm eyes view,
The sword of grief must pierce thee through ;
Union with Jesus here below
Must be a union with His woe.

Canst thou such wondrous vision bear,
Nor glow with pride, nor sink with fear ?
Have eyes so mild a gaze so strong ?
Can power to such soft heart belong ?

Oh ! praised be God, that He can find
One spirit wholly to His mind !
Where thought of self doth fill no space,
There He can make His resting-place.

A wondrous heart to contemplate !
A glorious heart to imitate !
All pain to love, all praise to shun,
So that in us God's will be done.

O Mother, blest example bright !
Our feeble powers surpassing quite !
Thee for our model we would take,
But small and weak the step we make.

Teach us the science known to thee,
The wisdom of simplicity :
The art to love and live unknown,
Absorbed and rapt in God alone.

By thy pure spirit's inward bliss,
Obtain for us, sweet Mother, this,
To turn to God with ceaseless motion,
As rivers to the boundless ocean !

VISITATION OF THE B. V. MARY.

“O H, whence to me, unworthy, is this favour,
 That thou shouldst come in such humility,
 Thou chosen Mother of my Lord and Saviour,
 This weary journey, to rejoice with me?”

Well mayest thou praise her in her lowliness,
 Well mayest thou honour her, Elizabeth !
 Her meek obedience, too, well mayest thou bless,
 So true to all her Maker ordereth !

For God intends His mightiness to prove—
 Nor is this visit meant for thee alone :
 Truly she cometh for a deed of love,
 But she hath with her the Eternal Son !

By thee His mother's greatness is declared,
 And God is in His mercy magnified :
 And thy own son is for His work prepared,
 And by His Master's presence sanctified.

Oh ! let us ponder on this visit—fraught
With so much glory, and with so much grace ;
In calm reflection we may here be taught
To heed God's will, where'er we find its trace.

Oh, were it not for Mary's salutation,
We should have lost that warm and rapturous lay,
That burst of holiest, purest inspiration,
Which holy Church repeats from day to day.

We should have lost the calm prophetic word,
Which told how men should ever bless her name :
Oh ! joy to them, whose hearts with love are stirred !
To those who bless her *not*—reproach and shame.

And let us learn from her, in reverence true,
The price of one pure act of charity !
And ever keep our glorious work in view—
Our God to serve—our souls to sanctify !

FEAST OF THE SEVEN DOLOURS.

FOUNTAIN of profoundest grief,
 Thou of human mourners chief,
 What was it that bore thee up,
 Thus to drain thy bitter cup
 With such mild serenity?
 Queen of Dolours—teach thou me !

When the aged saint unrolled
 Visions of a woe untold ;
 Gleams of future pain and strife,
 Threatening one more dear than life ;
 Whence that peace—so strange to see?
 Queen of Dolours—show thou me !

When the fierce and cruel king
 Caused thy toilsome wandering,
 In such sorrowful distress,
 Poverty and weariness :
 Whence that calm—that confidence?
 Queen of Dolours—tell me whence !

When thy Son was three days lost,
And thy soul was tempest-tost
On a rolling sea of anguish,
And thy courage well might languish :
What was it that strengthened thee ?
Queen of Dolours—tell thou me !

When the awful hour was near,
And thy Jesus did appear,
Toiling up to Calvary,
Steeped in woe and agony :
What could bear thee up that day ?
Queen of Dolours—say, oh say !

When He hung upon the tree,
And His blood fell fast and free ;
Gazing on His bitter death,
Listening for His parting breath :
What could lend thee patience then ?
Queen of Dolours—say again !

When His soul had passed away,
In thine arms His body lay ;
Hands and feet, with gashes wide,
And a pierced and bleeding side :

Did thy heart not break at length ?
Queen of Dolours—whence thy strength ?

When the work was finished,
And the grave received its dead ;
With a stone the cave was sealed
Where thy treasure lay concealed :
What could then thy comfort be ?
Queen of Dolours—show thou me !

Oh, it was strong charity,
And a true conformity—
Heart and will in unison
With thy ever blessed Son :
This it was that strengthened thee—
Queen of Dolours—now I see !

Oh, that I might gain a share
Of that union sweet and rare !
Oh, that I to earth might die,
All my thoughts be raised on high !
I may win this grace through thee ;
Queen of Dolours—pray for me !

LENT BY MARY'S SIDE.

THE purple shroud is stretched upon our altar,
 And now we must not falter,
 But leave, for silence, penitence, and prayer,
 The world's cold pomp and glare,
 And follow, step by step, the Crucified,
 Close by dear Mary's side.

Oh ! what deep calmness, and what sweet repose,
 This blessed season throws
 O'er souls which long from earth's poor joys to turn,
 To watch, and weep, and mourn !
 'Tis like soft moonlight, with its cooling beam,
 After the sun's hot gleam.

O God ! Thou callest us in calm retreat
 To hide us at Thy feet !
 We linger not thy summons to obey—
 Too precious is the day,
 Too dear the time to holy penance given,
 To train our souls for Heaven.

Mother of Him who bore without relief
His heavy load of grief!
Mother most sorrowful, guide us, we pray,
Along the thorny way,
Where Christ hath walked, where His worn feet have bled,
Where we should love to tread.

Oh! what a bliss, with Him 'mid earthly strife,
To lead the hidden life!
Outwardly struggling with a world of sin,
But hearts all pure within;
For this, O mother mild, thine aid we ask—
This be our Lenten task.

Painful, perchance, may be each sacrifice,
But oh! beyond all price
Is the bright joy when all to God is given!
'Tis the foretaste of Heaven!
Let us work on—hereafter we shall rest
For ever on His breast.

STABAT MATER.

BY the Cross she stood to mourn,
Where the Son whom she had borne
Hung in agony and scorn.

And her anguish, as a sword,
Pierced the Mother of the Lord—
True to the prophetic Word.

Oh, how sorrowful and lone
Was that ever blessed One—
Mother of the only Son !

Oh, what grief did she sustain,
Thus to see Him in His pain—
Son divine, for sinners slain !

Are there any here below,
Who could gaze upon such woe,
And no sympathy bestow ?

STABAT MATER.

Is there one who would not care,
If he watched her weeping there,
In her Son's deep grief to share ?

For his guilty people sent,
'Neath the scourge she saw Him bent,
Bearing all our punishment.

Oh, what sight for mother's eye,
Thus to see her loved One die—
Yield His soul in agony.

Fount of love ! oh, make me know
All the force of that deep woe,
That my tears with thine may flow !

Make my heart a burning flame,
All my love for Christ reclaim,
To the glory of His name !

In my soul, O Mother blest,
Be His wounds by thee imprest,
That they ever there may rest !

And may this my portion be,
To share His sufferings with thee,
Who has deigned to die for me !

Tears with thine, oh ! let me pour,
Mourning for Christ's anguish sore,
Till my earthly days are o'er !

By the Cross with thee to claim
Part and share with Jesus' shame,
Is the bliss at which I aim !

Virgin, brightest in degree,
To my prayer propitious be ;
Let me learn to weep with thee.

All my Jesus' dying pain
In my memory deep retain,
All His wounds with me remain.

Loving thus that Son of thine,
Would those wounds could all be mine—
That I might share His cross divine !

Inflamed with love, for Jesus' sake,
When the last dread day shall break,
My defence, O Virgin ! take.

From His cross my strength obtain,
That His death may be my gain,
And His grace my soul sustain.

STABAT MATER.

When the hour of death is nigh,
And the flesh must sink and die,
Win for me bright joys on high ! Amen.

THE ASSUMPTION.

BANISH grief and care away !
 Homage now to Mary pay :
 This is her triumphant day,
 Alleluia !

Joy, which pain no more shall dim,
 Fills her cup unto the brim ;
 Sing we then the glorious hymn,
 Alleluia !

All she suffered here below,
 None may tell—for none can know ;
 But she is in glory now,
 Alleluia !

Mary, thy Almighty Son
 Bade thee tarry here alone ;
 What was earth, when He was gone,
 Gentle Mother ?

THE ASSUMPTION.

Was it not a land of gloom,
Sad and dreary as the tomb ?
Oh ! it was thy martyrdom
Here to linger !

But thy love, beyond earth's measure,
Made God's will thy dearest treasure,
So that grief to thee was pleasure,
Wondrous Mother !

But when Jesus called thee hence,
To thy crown and recompense,
Joy so mighty, so immense,
Who can picture ?

Things of earth far off be driven !
To *one* thought this day be given—
Mary now is Queen of Heaven,
Alleluia !

Joyful hearted, let us pray,
Weary not—for who can say
All the gifts we gain to-day,
Through our Mother ?

For her heart with love is glowing !
From her pure lips prayers are flowing !
Richly is her Son bestowing
All she asketh !

Oh ! that all upon this earth
Would but share our holy mirth,
Praising Mary, who gave birth
To their Saviour !

Let us make our supplication,
That in every clime and nation,
There be love and veneration
For Our Lady !

Now, through all eternity,
Honour, praise, and majesty
To the blessed Trinity,
Alleluia !

EUTHANASIA.

TO reach with beating heart my journey's end,
Where earth's faint lights with rays celestial blend ;
My folded hands upon my breast to lay,
And then to pass away !

To be once more refreshed with heavenly food,
To gaze upon the stream of Jesus' blood,
To raise my sinking eye upon His face,
And meet the smile of grace.

To know that I am in the hands of death,
So hard it is to draw each shortening breath ;
To hear my angel say, " The hour is come,"
And he will bear me home !

To hear a holy voice God's love proclaim,
And whisper softly the All-Precious Name ;
To murmur it myself with faltering tongue,
As a melodious song.

To see a mother, as the lily, white,
 Beckon me onward to the land of light,
 Point to the Cross, where all my hopes I found,
 Whereon my heart is bound.

To see bright beams disperse th' obscuring veil,
 The soul just starting from its mansion frail,
 To watch the dawn of dread eternity,
 And meet it fearlessly.

Here is a picture, here a holy scene,
 Of what may ever be, of what hath been ;
 Men call it Death—but if there be a bliss,
 Oh ! surely it is this !

Poor sinner that I am, my dream is fair ;
 Might it be realised by love and prayer !
 A death so sweet, whereon God's smile would shine,
 Oh ! that it could be mine !

1854.

We 2276

HEAVEN !

LET us cast away our sorrow !
Lift awhile the weeping eye,
Till some kindling beam it borrow
From the radiance of the sky !

Is there not a magic power
In that deep and tranquil blue,
That in contemplation's hour
Thrills our spirit through and through ?

'Tis a wondrous thing to ponder
That, on yon vast path of air,
Nothing from this earth may wander—
Nothing ! save man's humble prayer.

Oh ! to think that prayers are flying
Through those skies by night and day !
From the strong, and from the dying,
From the sad, and from the gay !

And the hearts of high and lowly
 Mingle in that ether bright ;
 Till their incense, sweet and holy,
 Rises to the Throne of Light !

O thou fair and beauteous heaven !
 Type of one more glorious far,
 Which, such beams by God are given,
 Needs not sun, or moon, or star.

Speak to us some blessed story,
 Of that Home no thought can paint ;
 Where there shine, in endless glory,
 Crowns of gold for every saint.

There the Vision Beatific
 Eager souls at length shall meet—
 Not in grandeur too terrific,
 But in love divinely sweet.

Here the Sacred Heart of Jesus,
 Opened for us by the spear,
 Longs for the blest hour that frees us
 From the chains which bind us here.

There, all pure beyond expression,
Mary bears her gentle sway,
By her ceaseless intercession
Smoothing down the rugged way.

O my God ! why leave us longer ?
When shall we with earth have done ?
Make us purer, make us stronger,
That the fight may soon be won !

Would that we in heart were risen,
Rapt in love's immensity !
Break, my God, O break this prison !
Call us to our rest in Thee !

1854.

PURGATORY.

MY thoughts are in the land of patient waiting,
 Where peace and agony so strangely meet ;
 Where God's almighty justice, unabating,
 Demands a debt which must be all complete.

Oh ! it is good to enter there in spirit,
 Where we expect to linger too one day :
 If God but grant the grace we may not merit,
 And final perseverance crown our way.

What is that state of most intense desire—
 That anguish so enwrap in mystery ?
 Is it a fierce and unrelenting fire,
 Which burns the soul that it shall sanctify ?

Or is the name but as a mystic figure,
 Whereby our minds may sternly be prepared
 To learn of sufferings in surpassing rigour,
 To which no earthly woes may be compared ?

We need not to inquire : suffice it rather
To think that souls therein are purified ;
That He Who tries them is their loving Father,
And He their Judge, Who for their bliss hath died.

Truly they suffer : let us not conceal it,
Nor turn our shrinking hearts aside in fear :
Sharp is the anguish—so the saints reveal it,
To whom were granted visions bright and clear.

But we are gladdened by this sweet reflection :
The holy souls, whose pain no words can tell,
Are joined to God's dear will in such perfection,
That they embrace their woe and prize it well.

And e'en if they could feel their fetters riven,
Yet knew their purity was not complete,
They would not bear a stain into His heaven—
Their love itself would keep them from His feet !

They are so patient, so resigned and willing,
In calm endurance and in wondrous peace,
That while their sorrow is its course fulfilling,
They would not wish it for one hour to cease.

Their love for God is vehement and burning ;
 They pant and sigh, His presence to attain ;
 Truly a state of such continual yearning
 In torment must exceed all other pain.

They who are not within the Church enfolded,
 With horror turn from this mysterious creed ;
 Ah ! but the truth may not be shaped and moulded
 To suit man's coward will—ah ! no indeed !

Would that they might be once for all persuaded,
 That this much-dreaded purgatorial fire
 Would never by the blest souls be evaded,
 Who to unsullied sanctity aspire !

Now, let us not forget the sweet communion,
 Which gives to all good deeds a precious worth ;
 That strong and close, and most unbroken union
 Between the holy souls and us on earth.

Oh ! what a field is this to give God glory !
 What an unbounded space for loving prayer !
 In spirit we may enter Purgatory,
 And help to free the souls who linger there !

Yes ! help to lead them into Heaven's effulgence ;
Aid them to their supreme felicity :
This we may do through Penance, through Indulgence,
In Mass, in Prayer, in holy Jubilee !

Help us, O God ! This gift is so tremendous,
That we are trembling 'neath the precious weight :
More love, more faith, do Thou in mercy send us,
While we in awful reverence meditate.

For as upon this mystery we ponder,
As in its depths our wavering thoughts we lose,
The greater always grows the startling wonder
That we this blessed power so little use !

How comes it we are not, in prayer unceasing,
Striving to gain what always may be sought—
God's greater glory, in a soul's releasing ?
Do we in truth believe what we are taught ?

Which is it, Faith or Love, that seems to fail us ?
The time is precious, let us not delay !
Henceforth of our sweet gift we will avail us,
And ever weep and labour, watch and pray.

Shall we not strive more patiently to merit ?

Blest is the work, and pressing is the need :
No doubt have we, when they their bliss inherit,
Sweetly the holy souls for us will plead.

Let us besiege God's Throne in supplication,
And take by storm our Saviour's Sacred Heart—
Invoke dear Mary's constant mediation,
And call on all the saints to bear their part !

O privilege, to work for one another !
Our offerings shall no more be cold and spare ;
Breathing the spirit of the Church, our Mother,
Henceforth our lives shall be one ceaseless prayer !

1854.

HOLY BAPTISM.

THE water shines all clear and bright
 Upon that infant face ;
And angel forms in golden light
 Watch round the sacred place.

The gifts which Jesus for us won
 Are falling from above :
Thus is the path of life begun,
 Fenced round by mighty love !

And one fair angel draws him near,
 Unto the infant's side,
To be thro' all the journey here
 His guardian and his guide.

O child ! that angel ever heed ;
 And God avert the day,
When thou, by evil word or deed,
 Shouldst bid him turn away.

This precious gift of God to thee,
Oh ! learn to prize it well ;
Such sweet protecting company
Dismays the powers of hell.

And they are strong, those fearful powers !
Unceasing in their rage :
Temptation's shadow ever lowers,
Through childhood, youth and age.

Child, thy young soul is cleansed now,
By this baptismal grace ;
The cross is marked upon thy brow,
And thou must run thy race.

The Evil One will haunt thee still ;
But tremble not, or faint ;
Thou art God's own—it is His will
That thou become a saint.

The Holy Spirit will impart
His own celestial fire ;
Jesus and Mary in thy heart
Will blessed thoughts inspire.

The patron saints will guard thy way
With ever watchful care ;
Onwards ! Turn not thy feet astray,
But keep the path of prayer.

✓ And that dear angel ! give to him
A child-like trust and bold ;
Speak to him when thy faith seems dim,
And charity grows cold.

A blessed joy for thee to think
That he is near to aid ;
To hold thee from some fatal brink,
Or snare that hath been laid.

Hope on ! The road is not so steep,
Nor is the journey long ;
It will not be thy part to weep,
But raise the blissful song.

With eyes uplifted to the Cross,
Press forward to the goal ;
For God endure all grief and loss,
And He receive thy soul !

THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

O H, grief of griefs ! oh, woe of woes !
 It is a sad offence
 That Catholics should ever lose
 Baptismal innocence !

Their store of graces is so vast,
 God's mercy is so strong—
 Oh ! might not all their days be passed
 Without this cruel wrong ?

Alas, for human misery !
 Alas, for human will !
 Despite our Saviour's charity
 We must be wayward still.

But who shall praise the love immense,
 Which doth e'en yet provide
 A place where robes of innocence
 May be again supplied !

Yes, there is one who power may claim
To bind up wounds of sin ;
And in his Master's holy name
Bid mercy enter in.

Proud sinner ! do not thou disdain
At feet of man to kneel,
Humiliation's cup to drain,
And thy dark works reveal.

The Priest of God shall from thy breast
Its heavy load remove,
And thou again mayst sweetly rest
In Heaven's eternal love.

And thou, O child of poverty !
Poor outcast of the world !
Marked out for scorn and infamy,
And from its pity hurled,

Fain wouldst thou shun temptation's power ?
Come, cast away thy fear :
And thou, in thy repenting hour,
Shalt find a father here !

All ye, who humbly seek to tread
Perfection's narrow way,
Who turn from sin with holy dread,
Who love to watch and pray—

Come here in confidence to learn
A blessed discipline,
And all for which your spirits yearn
In patience ye shall win.

Oh, here is comfort for the weak,
Strict teaching for the strong :
A voice, from God inspired, to speak
True judgment for all wrong.

Blest Sacrament of Penance ! given
By Love, all wise, all good ;
Channel that bringest straight from Heaven
The ever Precious Blood !

Men of the world would banish thee
From their proud hearts away—
'Tis ours, in calm humility,
To own thy gentle sway.

To follow on, as we are told,
Thy rules of love so sweet,
Which lead the children of the fold
Safe to their Father's feet !

1854.

THE SACRAMENT OF ORDINATION.

O PRIEST ! Who says thy life is drear ?
 The sunshine taken from thy home ?
 Who holds thee up for pity here,
 Blaming the "tyranny of Rome ?"

They who know not how rich a grace
 Falls on thy solitary path—
 They who have not their resting-place
 Within the ark of holy faith.

Dearer than all that earth can give,
 And sweeter than earth's closest tie,
 For Jesus' love alone to live,
 For Him to work, to win, to die !

Never canst thou that hour forget,
 When prostrate on the hallowed floor,
 God's smile thy burning ardour met,
 To cheer thee on for evermore !

The saints were all invoked, to plead,
On thy behalf, for strength and zeal :
That they fulfilled their task, indeed,
Well might thine eager spirit feel !

And they who deem that zeal will fade,
And they who say thy soul will sink,
Know not thy all-sufficient aid,
Know not thy daily meat and drink.

They measure, by their standard low,
The hearts that beat within the Pale :
Who with a fire celestial glow,
When theirs would only shrink and fail.

None but a Catholic can tell
How sweet the living waters prove,
From that unfathomable well,
Opened for us by Jesus' love.

O precious Eucharistic Feast !
Here all the wondrous secret lies :
The whole existence of the Priest,
His daily, calm self-sacrifice.

His days, which to his God are given,
Such stores of sweetness with them bring,
That hardships are his earthly heaven,
And worldly joys all perishing.

Oh, ye who blame us, cease to spurn,—
High doctrines are beyond your reach ;
Come but with us, and humbly learn
What Holy Church will gladly teach !

The depth, the wisdom, and the grace
Of every precept, counsel, rule—
Oh, come ! and take the proffered place
Within our Heaven-appointed school !

1854.

BEFORE HOLY COMMUNION.

PREPARE my soul ! make clear the way !
 Remove all hindrance from the road !
 Thy Jesus comes to thee this day
 To take up His abode !

And wouldst thou keep Him with thee long,
 Raise up for Him a holy shrine,
 Wherein His love, so deep, so strong,
 May be repaid by thine.

O Lord ! sweet Lord ! my courage sinks !
 I look within despondingly ;
 In sore distress my spirit shrinks,—
 I have no home for Thee !

Oh ! by those wounds so dread to view,
 Which shine in all their freshness still,
 Which I should make to bleed anew,
 If I received thee ill.

And by those calm and gentle eyes,
Which speak of all-enduring love,
Wherein the look of grief would rise,
Did I a traitor prove.

By all the graces Thou hast given,
Which still flow on, nor e'er decrease,
Teach me to make this heart a Heaven,
Where Thou mayst dwell in peace !

The hour of bliss is drawing near,
And I must tremble now no more,
For perfect love should cast out fear—
Sweet Lord, I Thee adore !

Oh, for the spirit of the saints !
The strong desire—the longing sigh ;
The heart which for Thy presence faints,
The eager, kindling eye !

I offer all the love I have,
And all that I would fain possess,
To Thee, Who comest here to save,
To strengthen, and to bless.

And if I had but treasures meet
Of precious virtues, choice and fair,
They should be flung before Thy feet,
In fragrance rich and rare !

Enough—my God, Thou knowest well
How I should wish to welcome Thee,
For human speech can never tell
All that Thou art to me !

And if still silence I should keep,
Let this yet more Thy mercy move !
'Tis the deep calling unto deep—
My sorrow to Thy love !

1854.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

OH, union wonderful and true !
 Oh, love ! oh, bliss beyond compare !
 What can the heart enraptured do
 When God Himself is there ?

My Lord, Thou art too beautiful !
 Thy goodness is too dear, too sweet :
 Keep, keep me, Thou all-merciful,
 For ever at Thy feet !

If Thou wilt thus my soul attract,
 Bringing such blessings from above,
 My life must be but one great act
 Of faith, and hope, and love !

Now all my powers absorb, employ,
 Stay long, O Lord ! abide with me :
 Leave not a spirit wild with joy,
 That finds no rest but Thee !

This is the time to learn Thy will ;
Let all be hushed and calm within :
When *my* own restless thoughts are still,
Let *Thy* sweet voice begin.

Tell me of all Thy love would ask,
The sacrifices Thou wouldst claim :
Surely 'tis not a grievous task
To suffer in Thy name !

After Communion, what is earth ?
Life seems, indeed, but vanity :
Its brightest hours are never worth
One moment spent with Thee !

This moment does the work of years :
The soul hath drunk a joy so deep,
That she may bid farewell to tears,
Such as earth's children weep.

Jesus, be Thou my hidden Rest ;
Reign over me supreme, alone :
The dearest wish within my breast
Is to be all Thine own !

And now, if to my daily strife,
I must return, and bear my part,
Do Thou, my Lord, my light, my life,
Keep to Thyself my heart !

Hold it, that it may never stray,
Lost in a world of sin and care ;
Fix it in the unerring way
Of discipline and prayer.

Give me Thy blessing, Lord, again !
And I will fight beneath Thine eye :
And win, perchance, thro' days of pain,
A glorious victory !

1854.

“AVE MARIA!”

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.)

OF a hermit good and holy
 To you people I will sing ;
 Much he loved Christ's Mother lowly—
 Loved her beyond everything :
 Howsoe'er his speech might run,
 With these words it was begun,
 “Ave Maria !”

Now, this hermit in his cell
 Kept a bird of bright green feather,
 And to praise God's Mother well
 Bird and hermit sang together.
 Whatsoe'er he said or sang,
 That green warbler's voice still rang,
 “Ave Maria !”

Round about the hermitage
 Gazed the bird, and saw the spring ;

Saw the trees' fair foliage,
 Buds and leaves, and each green thing :
Then it flew out bold and free,
Singing through the air in glee,
 "Ave Maria !"

Sadly went the friar out,
 Sought to catch his bird again ;
But it soared and flew about,
 Through the trees and o'er the plain :
Mounting high into the skies,
Louder rose its joyful cries—
 "Ave Maria !"

Suddenly there came a kite,
 Darted on his prey so weak,
Caught the bird, and held it tight
 In its cruel claw and beak ;
In that grasp of deadly pain
Louder screamed the bird again,
 "Ave Maria !"

Then the kite was sore afraid,
 Dropped his nearly-strangled prey,
Which, delivered by God's aid,
 Felt its fears to pass away ;

Doubly to sweet Mary's praise
It began its voice to raise—
"Ave Maria!"

Sadly did the hermit stand
In his garden, hoping still,
When the bird flew on his hand,
Let itself be caught at will;
To the cell right joyously
Turn they, singing cheerily,
"Ave Maria!"

Thou of grace the Mother bright,
Fairer thou than women all:
From the talons of the kite
Thou didst save the bird so small;
Save all those in sin that lie,
When with heart and voice they cry,
"Ave Maria!"

THE TWO CROWNS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GEUGENBACH.)

BEHOLD Christ's chosen spouse, St. Catherine !
 Meekly before God's throne she kneels her down ;
 And lo ! there stands her dearest Lord Divine
 Near her, and in each hand He holds a crown.

His right hand holds a crown of twisted thorn,
 That in His left of sparkling gold is wrought :
 And Jesus saith, " Dear bride, thou shalt adorn
 Thy lowly brows with what thy Lord hath brought !

" If thou shalt choose the crown of gold so fair,
 High and renowned thine earthly path shall prove :
 But if the crown of thorns be here thy share,
 The gold will shine on thee in Heaven above."

With humble eagerness behold her choose
The piercing thorns, and press them on her head,
Till the warm blood upon her garment flows,
And where she stands the ground is moist and red.

Her Lord is gone : but when in earthly strife
The painful thorns will often pierce her through,
She will grow strong, with thoughts of brighter life,
Where heavenly crowns await the brave and true.

1855.

THE SEVEN BLOOD-SHEDDINGS OF OUR
LORD.

FIRST BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE CIRCUMCISION.

HAIL to the ever-precious Name !
 Keep it within thy breast ;
 Thence mayst thou aid and strength reclaim,
 To set thy soul at rest.

When peace from thee far off is driven,
 Thy cross too sharp appears ;
 Remember, that sweet Name was given
 In suffering and tears.

Oh ! doth not Jesus love us much ?
 He burns with strong desire
 Some piercing thorns at least to touch
 Ere childhood's days expire.

He will not wait for manhood's prime ;
 He seeks an earlier woe ;
 As though He thirsted for the time
 When all His blood should flow.

And thus, the Name we prize so well,
 With purest grace replete,
 To loving souls its sounds shall tell
 Of sorrow, calm and sweet—

Of holy blood-drops shed for man,
 God's anger to appease :
 Now let us follow, if we can,
 The road of selfish ease !

Sweet Name of Jesus ! Thoughts of love
 Beam o'er our mortal strife :
 Thou art our watchword from above,
 The solace of our life !

Let us but breathe Thee to the last :
 Till the dear voice shall call !
 O Death ! thy bitterness is past—
 Thou hast no sting at all !

SECOND BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE AGONY.

There is a time, when vexing thoughts o'erflowing,
Press down our souls, and make them sad indeed :
As if against the current we were rowing,
And nothing that we sought could e'er succeed.

Our best and holiest wishes seem to fail us ;
And things which for God's glory we have done
All come to nought : till doubt and fear assail us,
And we throw up the fight we had begun.

Ah ! then, we are but timid and faint-hearted—
How can we hope so soon with joy to reap ?
From coward thoughts we should long since have parted ;
No time is given us here to sit and weep.

Let us but turn our eyes to yon dark corner—
To sad Gethsamane, where once of old
Our sweetest Jesus—the Almighty Mourner—
Bent to the ground, in agony untold.

Think what it was—that wonderful blood-shedding,
 That sacred stream that burst from every pore ;
 Think of that spot, where evil ones were treading
 The hallowed sod, to weary Him yet more.

Oh ! grief on grief ! And one thing most oppressed Him,
 Through all His deep, unutterable pain :
 For many, many souls who might have blessed Him,
 He knew His torments would be all in vain.

He bleeds in vain ! And shall it happen ever
 That, by His Passion bought, *one* soul be lost ?
 He fights for us with violent endeavour,
 And shall His holy will in aught be crossed ?

Flow on, bright stream ! While He, the Lord of glory,
 Sinks down exhausted in that lonely spot :
 The future must unfold the mournful story,
 How He has suffered, and man heeds it not !

Oh ! but there are, thank God ! some souls among us
 On whom His Passion is not thrown away ;
 Though Satan's poisoned darts have fiercely stung us,
 May *we*, dear Lord, be Thine ! may *we* obey !

Our darkest hours of grief and desolation—

Our bitterest sorrows—what are they to Thine?

Thou who hast suffered without consolation,

Accept the hearts that we would fain resign.

We never will again repine or murmur,

Nor ask for sunny paths and easy ways ;

Let us advance with resolution firmer !

To us be sorrow here—to Thee be praise !

THIRD BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE SCOURGING.

They have bound Him to the pillar ;

To their will He is resigned :

Can a grief be deeper, stiller,

Than the anguish of His mind ?

Impious hands are raised in anger,

And the scourges will not stay,

Till His pallid brow and languor

Warn that life will ebb away.

132 *THE SEVEN BLOOD-SHEDDINGS OF OUR LORD.*

Now the purple torrent gushing,
Tinges all the moistened ground ;
One might deem the earth was blushing
For its Maker's cruel wound.

Blow on blow is yet descending :
Lord, this sight will pierce me through !
With Thy blood my tears are blending—
I will learn to suffer too !

Would mine eyes might be a river,
Flowing always for Thy sake !
Would this hard, cold heart might quiver,
And with loving anguish break !

Shame on sin which thus hath bruised Thee—
Torn Thee from Thy throne in Heaven !
Shame on me who have ill-used Thee !—
Shall I ever be forgiven ?

Yes, those countless drops are winning
Costly graces from On High ;
O'er this earth so madly sinning,
Jesus casts His charity.

Jesus ! by Thy scourging cruel
Thou hast won a wandering heart ;
May it henceforth be a jewel,
Never from Thy crown to part !

FOURTH BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE CROWN OF
THORNS.

When shall we learn to suffer and be calm ?
When shall we learn to find a soothing balm
In that which humbles us unto the dust,
And tears away self-trust ?

When shall we come to see that what adorns
A Christian's life, is formed from piercing thorns,
Brightened with blood from our dear Master's brow ?
Oh ! they are precious now !

Might it not be for us a blessed thing
That men their cold contempt should o'er us fling ;
And that, instead of crowns and glories fair,
Dishonour we should bear ?

Alas ! we never know our truest good ;
 But it is written for us all in blood
 Shed by our dearest Lord, and none reserved,—
 Oh ! mercy undeserved !

Watch now the Royal state—the purple robe !
 The twisted thorns,—how deeply do they probe !
 How heavily they press !—how sharply sting !
 Truly He is a King !

Oh ! but if this be called His regal sway ;
 If this be what He loved ; who then can say
 That, in our eyes, the honours of this earth
 Should seem to be of worth !

Surely what Jesus sought *we* ought to seek !
 If He was humbled, shall not *we* be meek ?
 May we not calmly feel ourselves despised,
 If this be what He prized ?

None but the humble know the precious grace
 Of those who love to hold the lowest place ;
 There is for them a blessedness of joy
 Which nothing can destroy.

Oh ! it were well if we but oftener thought
On all our Saviour's pains—on what they taught !
Methinks we soon might learn to fling aside
Our worldliness and pride.

Then might we, for His glory, offer up
Our love of praise ; that sweet but poisoned cup,
Which mars perfection where all else is well,
And does the work of hell.

Let us remember, Lord, Thy thorny crown !
Teach us to bend our wayward spirits down !
There cannot be a trial too severe,
Imposed by love so dear !

FIFTH BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE ROAD TO CALVARY.

Steep is the hill, and weary is the road,
Beneath that crushing load !
And He, who treads it with a grace so meek,
Is bruised, and faint, and weak :
His mighty love alone can aid Him there
That heavy cross to bear.

Oh ! if we would in spirit, day by day,
 Follow this blood-stained way,
 With loving sorrow, storing as a prize
 The contrite thoughts which rise,
 For us the road of Calvary would be
 The road to sanctity.

Our crosses then would never more appal—
 They are so slight and small ;
 And we might understand the Saints' sweet cry,
 " To suffer or to die ! "
 And learn to watch affliction's waves increase,
 With all-enduring peace.

Alas ! the world's bright fields have ever been
 So gay and fair a scene,
 That our good angels have hard work to do
 To keep us brave and true ;
 To turn our wandering feet with constant care
 To the calm paths of prayer.

And yet those shady paths, how sweet they are !
 Their perfume from afar
 Would draw us on, if we were not engrossed
 By earth's alluring host—

Those fading pleasures, ever false and vain,
And marked with many a stain.

Let us henceforth with our own hearts be stern,
That they may quickly learn
The rules of daily self-denying strife,
While dangers are so rife :
Oh ! let us urge them on with mighty sway—
Nor linger on the way !

SIXTH BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Lift up the mind, the heart, the eye,
To gaze upon a mystery
Of graces, blessings without end,
Of love too deep to comprehend ;
Of grief in measure running o'er,
Which never hath been known before :
And never shall on human breast alight ;
Its weight would crush all, save the Infinite.

One drop of blood, however small,
From that sweet Cross would save us all ;

But heavenly love is generous,
 And He who gives Himself for us
 Will watch His life-blood stream away,
 Nor ever bid the torrent stay—
 That we with hearts affectionate and true,
 May learn to bless Him, and be generous too.

How cold are we, that we refuse
 The portion of our Lord to choose,
 And turn from His inspiring call
 To follow Him, and part with all ;
 To leave the ways of joy or fame,
 And become poor in His dear Name.
 Blest lot ! And this some holy ones have done :
 Truly their life on earth is Heaven begun !

And then, thank God, some rich and great,
 'Neath all their costliness and state,
 To every earthly charm have died,
 With Christ are wholly crucified.
 The palace, and the cloistered cell,
 May hold brave souls who love Him well :
 All may be poor in spirit for His sake—
 Lord, help the rich their golden chains to break !

Oh ! what a glorious task it is
To make our hearts for ever His !
To work within them, day by day,
Till every sin be torn away !
Until the Cross's holy sign
Be stamped in Majesty divine ;
Till Jesus reign therein victorious—
All given to Him, who held back nought from us !

O Cross ! When shall we know at length
The secret of our perfect strength ?
The bliss of true humility,
The sweetness of obscurity,
The happiness when shadows fall
Upon our path and darken all ?
For when our life seems sad, then Heaven seems light ;
Through thee, dear Cross, shall all at last be bright !

SEVENTH BLOOD-SHEDDING—THE PIERCING OF
THE SACRED HEART.

Love ! thou dost all excel !
From that dear Heart's most deep recess,
The last, last drop flowed out, to bless
The earth whereon it fell.

O charity immense !
 And we, within that wounded side,
 As in a sacred Home, may hide
 Our joys, our penitence.

'Tis there that I would meet
 Those who to me most gladness bring,
 Round whom my heart's affections cling
 In tenderness most sweet.

No being on this earth
 In our warm love should claim a part,
 Save in, and through, the Sacred Heart,
 Which gives to love its worth.

There also I would greet
 Those who perchance despise me here—
 Those who have caused a pang, a tear ;
 Then peace would be complete.

Calm Refuge of the soul !
 Oh ! that we might Thy shelter win
 From the dread weariness of sin,
 Whose waves so wildly roll !

There we might ever dwell ;
It is not, Lord, Thy love that fails !
But when the Evil One assails,
Alas ! we strive not well.

Yet pardon us once more ;
Let us for ever hide in Thee !
So shall life's pain, and misery,
And weariness be o'er !

1854.

THE SEVEN WORDS ON THE CROSS.

“FATHER, FORGIVE THEM ; FOR THEY KNOW NOT
WHAT THEY DO.”

JESUS, help my contemplation
On Thy seven-fold words of love ;
When I kneel in adoration,
Help me, Mother, from above !

By the mercy Thou hast lavished,
Jesus, on Thy cruel foes !
May my soul with love be ravished,
And compunction for Thy woes !

Not alone that prayer was spoken
For the fierce and cruel Jew ;
E'en for me Thy Heart was broken,
E'en of me those words were true.

For all sinners who have needed
Pardon for their deeds untrue,
To Thy Father Thou hast pleaded—
“For they know not what they do!”

May our love, each day increasing,
Show us more of what Thou art ;
May our efforts be unceasing
To atone to Thy sweet Heart !

With the knowledge of Thy sweetness
Comes the horror to offend ;
Give us love in its completeness—
Love that knows nor change nor end !

•

“TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE.”

I would that I were at my dying day,
With Jesus by my bed, and heard Him say
That I should be in Paradise with Him,—
How would my cup of joy o’erflow the brim !

O happy thief ! what fate could sweeter be
Than that which in God's grace was granted thee ?
To pass the vale of death by Jesus' side—
With Him to suffer, and be crucified !

Pray for us ! For it is a dreary vale.
What if our strength should break—our faith should fail ?
A holy death be then our daily prayer—
A holy life on earth our daily care.

The Saints of God, who trembled 'midst their love,
Will help us in our need with prayers above ;
And Mary, through whose heart the sword hath past,
Will never fail her children at the last !

“BEHOLD THY MOTHER—BEHOLD THY SON.”

Precious Giver ! Precious Gift !
Holy Mother ! Happy Son !
To the Cross our eyes we lift,
Where such presents have been won.

Blest disciple ! to thy care
Christ's sweet Mother is resigned ;
But we claim our part and share
In that Mother's heart to find.

She to us is Mother blest ;
We to her are children dear !
In her love are peace and rest ;
'Neath her smile we know not fear.

Mary, keep us for thine own—
We are given thee from the Cross ;
Melt with prayer those hearts of stone
Who reject thee to their loss.

Lead us nearer, day by day,
To our Saviour's wounded Heart !
Help us as we feebly pray ;
Teach us more of heavenly art !

Still our love for thee increase ;
We can never love too well.
Oh, when shall our warfare cease,
And sin's ever hateful spell ?

Patience ! we must fight our way,
Never linger, nor despair ;
When Heaven's gate we reach some day,
Mary's smile shall greet us there !

“MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN
ME !”

Jesus, art Thou forsaken ? And by whom ?
In this dread hour approaching to the tomb ;
All human aid denied Thee—sad and lone ;
Is, then, Thy Father gone ?

It is too much ! Why dost Thou suffer thus ?
How can Thy Heart so fondly cherish us ?
What have we done such burning love to win ?
We have done naught but sin.

Scorn hast Thou suffered—anguish, cruel blows,
Torments from devils, and from human foes !
But that Thy Father's face should hide its light—
Oh ! sorrow infinite !

Can this too be endured ? Ah ! not enough
For His strong love to tread life's journey rough ;
He will be drenched with woe to His last breath,
E'en to the gates of death.

Jesus ! we fain would follow in Thy track,
E'en though our feet should linger, weak and slack ;
But, from such sadness at the grave's dark brink—
From this, dear Lord, we shrink.

Oh, *then*, turn not Thy precious face away,
Lest to our deadly foe we fall a prey ;
Forsake *us* not ! we shall not be afraid,
With Thy all-loving aid.

But let us bravely bear each gloomy hour
That shades our life ; nor murmur 'neath its power,
Nor wish our lives to be all gay and glad ;
For Thine, dear Lord, was sad !

"I THIRST."

Hard is the painful wood, His bed of death ;
And with His failing breath
He speaks again ; and as He looks around,
The crowd upon the ground
Are ready with their hate to do their worst ;
And then He says, " I thirst ".

His tongue is parched—His fevered lips are burnt ;
And yet we have not learnt
That thirst to quench—that fever to allay ;
We will not yet obey,
Nor give Him that He asks and longs to gain ;
Oh ! must He thirst in vain ?

Shall we continue thus His soul to steep
In woes that make Him weep ?
Shall we refuse the hearts He thirsts to win,
And yield them yet to sin ?
The day will come, our memories will be curst
With those sad words, " I thirst ".

Sweet Jesus, Thou hast thirsted for each soul
That pants in sin's control.
Oh ! break our fetters, that we may be free
To give ourselves to Thee !
The world has held us,—but its bonds we break,
And spurn it for Thy sake.

“IT IS CONSUMMATED.”

The day is o'er, the strife is past,
The hours of grief are done ;
The veil of death is round Him cast,
The victory is won !

Harken, my soul, sweet words are said ;
And with His dying breath
He cries, “ It is consummated ! ”
And we are saved from death.

From sin, from hell, and all its powers,
His death has saved us all ;
How great His love for us—and ours
For Him, O God, how small !

When our last hour has come, will He
 In loving accents say—
 “It is consummated” ; shall we
 Have fought and won the day ?

Have we done all for love of God ?
 And has the fight been stern ?
 The path of penance have we trod ?
 And learnt earth’s joys to spurn ?

Have we shunned praise and loved reproach ?
 Have human ties been riven,
 Ere they were suffered to encroach
 On what was due to Heaven ?

Sweet Jesus ! we our souls resign,
 May we forsake Thee never ;
 Help us, oh, help us to be Thine,
 In life, in death, forever !

**"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY
SPIRIT."**

Bow down, my soul, for He hath bowed His head ;
Adore, and weep and pray—thy Lord is dead.
His soul into His Father's hands commended ;
His tears, His woes—yea, everything is ended.

Oh, for the gift of tears that I might weep !
Oh, for the gift of prayer that I might keep
Beneath the Cross, in spirit, night and day,
And never from its shade be torn away !

The earth is darkened—rent the temple's veil ;
Now do the hearts of men with terror fail ;
Rend Thou my heart, O God, in this dread hour !
Break it with sweet contrition's holy power !

Into Thy hands my spirit I commend,
That Thou mayst keep it safe unto the end ;
Keep it, lest earth and sin should tear away
The grace my Saviour won for me this day !

Mary ! I claim thy aid that thou mayst bless !
 Thy Son's last words within my heart impress !
 O precious words ! And may they be to me
 Watchwords in time—until eternity.

1854.

IN MEMORIAM.

December 19, 1876.

PILE the log merrily,
Dear friends and true :
Out goes the old year,
And in comes the new.

Never a cloudy brow—
Smiles should come fast :
Pray for new blessings,
Give thanks for the past.

Yet if among us
A tear *should* be shed,
For him who once helped us
In days that are dead—

Who guided our pastimes,
And quickened our mirth—
The kind one who now
Is laid low in the earth :

'Twill be a fit tribute
To give him such share—
For true love is grateful,
And true friends are rare !

Peace be to his memory,
Joy to his soul !
Now pass we on trustingly,
On to *our* goal.

Brightly and cheerily,
Making life's cup
Sweet to all round us,
While we toil up—

Up the steep mountain
That leads to our God,
Through the rough pathways
His holy ones trod.

Thoughtful of others,
Forgetting ourselves ;
Thrusting out harsh words
From memory's shelves.

Upward and onward,
Each day shall be bright,
Until the great portal
Of Home is in sight.

IN MEMORIAM.

March 17, 1877.

ONLY a space—a little space,
Must we walk on in sadness,
Giving to earth the sweet pale face,
Whose smile was light and gladness.

Only a space—a little space,
Our journey must be dreary,
As we poor toilers in the race
Go travel-stained and weary.

Wait but a while—in patience wait,
Be faithful and brave-hearted,
Bearing life's burden to the gate
Through which she has departed.

He who has wept for earthly woe,
Whose human heart knew sorrow,
Will change the thorns that pierce us so
To brightest flowers to-morrow!

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE CEREMONY AT THE MORTUARY
CHAPEL AT THORNDON, ON THE PLACING OF THE
BODY OF JAMES, EARL OF DERWENTWATER, IN
THE FAMILY VAULT, OCTOBER 16, 1874.

WEEP not around this bier !
But smile and exult with a holy pride
O'er the faithful soldier, who bled and died
For his God, in that bygone year !

They offered the bribe of life ;
But his heart was set on the joys above,
And he loved the Faith with a passionate love
That feared not a mortal strife.

And the holiest, dearest ties,
The cherished wife, and the babes she bore,
He hath yielded them up, and would give yet more
For his God, and the martyr's prize.

Rejoice on this glorious day !
When a martyr's bones have come to rest
'Mid the household graves of a race long blest
With the Faith's unsullied ray.

Chief of a noble name !
Rejoice that a martyr's blood is thine ;
Be *this* thy pride of ancestral line,
Beyond this world's poor fame.

And *thou*, Mother's heart, be bright !
For thy first-born lifts anointed hands,
The first of the Martyr's sons who stands
To offer the Sacred Rite.

Let one and all rejoice !
And lift to God a radiant eye,
With a faith to conquer, and bleed, and die,
At the bidding of His dear voice.

Thou noble dust, farewell !
We leave thee to thy last resting-place ;
But we carry away a peace and grace,
And a joy no words can tell.

Lord, hear our loving cry !
Restore the faith of our country's saints ;
And give us the courage that never faints,
With the hope that will never die !

—Published in *The Month*, of January, 1875.

LINES FROM A HOMILY OF ST. BERNARD.

REJOICE, O Adam ! Father of our sorrow !
 Behold the dawn of gladness once again :
 Rejoice, O Mother Eve ! rejoice thou rather,
 Who first hast stained our world with sin and pain.

For thy sad sake the sword of sorrow pierces
 The hearts of all thy daughters here below ;
 For thy sad sake they reap the double portion
 Of earthly shame, of suffering and woe.

O woman ! see, the happy hour is dawning,
 Which turns to praise thy shame, to joy thy grief :
 O man ! cast forth thy bitter taunts no longer—
 Cease to reproach, thy triumph shall be brief.

Thrice cruel words!—"The woman whom Thou gavest,
 She gave the fruit to me, and I did eat."
 Through woman hast thou fallen ? Aye, remember,
 A woman only lifts thee to thy feet !

Therefore, O mournful Eve, fly thou to Mary ;
Fly, Mother, to thy Daughter full of grace ;
Who satisfies the Father for the Mother,
And wipes away the stain of thy disgrace.

Our God, in the sweet treasures of His goodness,
Hath sought and found how aid shall be supplied ;
For Mary's wisdom shall blot out thy folly,
And her humility efface thy pride.

For one who gave the fruit of death and sorrow,
Another gives the fruit of endless days ;
Change then, O man ! thy false, unkind excuses,
Into a burst of gratitude and praise.

“ O Lord ! the woman who to me is given,
She gave the Fruit of Life, and I did eat ;
And by this food my spirit hath been quickened :
O taste beyond compare ! O food most sweet ! ”

For this, God's angel comes to thee, O Mary,
Virgin most admirable, greatest, best ;
Winning His pardon for thy fallen parents,
And for thy children—life, and peace, and rest.

—Published in *The Month*, of April, 1875.

THE RIVEN HEART.

FOR this the wound, for this the heart is riven,
Where from our weary thoughts we find a home,
Within Thy heart our hearts have sought their heaven ;
We come, O Lord, we come.

Our King, our Brother, and our Friend who loves us,
Receive our prayers into this holy shrine ;
Till every wish, and will, and thought that moves us,
Be Thine, O Lord, be Thine.

The fleshly wound, Thy soul's deep wound revealing,
Opens the passage to our reverent gaze ;
Shall we not love a God such love revealing ?
We love, adore and praise.

Bound as we are in life's oppressive fetters,
With feeble voice our souls to thee have cried,
Whose body has been stamped with bleeding letters,
In hands, and feet, and side.

O Jesu, beautiful beyond all beauty,
Cleanse us in this bright stream that floweth still ;
Here let us dwell, and work with loving duty
Thy will, O Lord, Thy will.

—Published in *The Month*, of June, 1875.

TO OUR LADY, ON HER ASSUMPTION.

HAIL, sacred living Ark !
 Thy own Creator's loved abode,
 Pass on to-day thy joyous road,
 Pass from our world so dark !

Virgin of virgins, rest :
 He who has laid His infant head
 Upon thy bosom for His bed,
 Will fold thee to His breast.

Not earth to earth—but Heaven !
 If Adam's daughter needs must die,
 God's chosen Mother may not lie
 Where dust to dust is given.

O Queen ! O Mother bright !
 Take to His feet our prayers and tears,
 Carry our burdens and our fears ;
 They will not stop thy flight.

Dearest, and best, and first !
Place in His heart our wants and woes,
O Mother ! plead as one who knows
Life's anguish at its worst.

Plead for the sad at heart ;
That grief and pain may never dim
The weary eyes that strain for Him,
While the hot tear-drops start.

But let no thoughts to-day,
Save those of gladness, fill the breast ;
Let not our trouble and unrest
Darken our Mother's way.

On her triumphant car
Turn, turn the eager wistful gaze,
Where, 'mid the sun's most brilliant blaze,
We still behold our star.

Though gone from us, not lost ;
With love yet stronger than of yore,
Our souls' desires she will outpour
To Him who loves us most.

On with true hearts and strong !
Cast out the timid, doubting fear,
Light up the eye, and dry the tear ;
Life's journey is not long !

Patience—for we must wait
Till self be conquered, Heaven be won,
And Mary's prayers have drawn us on,
Safe to our Father's gate !

—Published in *The Month*, of August, 1875.

THEN !

WEARY, and bruised, and bleeding still
 From life's sharp thorns, on, on we come !
 Down at our Master's feet we drop,
 And herè are heaven and home.

Safe at those feet, where joy and pain,
 And all that made life dark or bright,
 Seem but a mist, beneath the sun
 Of our supreme delight.

What matter that the world has frowned,
 That fortune ever was unkind,
 That plans have failed, and cares have pressed ?
 All, all is far behind.

What matter now the hard cold words
 That smote us, when for love we sought ?
 What matter now ? The goal is reached—
 The bitter past is nought.

And we can smile a bright calm smile
At pains whereby our hearts were riven,
And wonder such small things could touch
A soul bound straight for Heaven !

Wake from the dream—our glorious *then*
Shines like a star above our sight :
Our patient *now* around us lies,
And duty gives the light.

—Published in *The Month*, of May, 1876.

UTINAM !

OH, that we loved Thee purely !
Loved Thee, our God, our all ;
With a love that is large and joyous,
Not love that is cramped and small !

Oh, that the best affections
Of hearts that are warm and true,
Were lavished in richest treasure
Where only such wealth is due !

Oh, that our souls were gardens
Of flowers most sweet and rare,
All watered with tears of penance,
And nourished with faithful prayer !

Oh, that our wills, so feeble,
Grew strong with the strength of love,
Till they broke earth's fetters, and changed them
For links that are forged above !

Oh, that the pride which spurs us
To things unworthy and base,
Would soar on a grander pinion,
And strive in a nobler race !

Oh, that our sensitive spirits,
That shrink from the shadow of shame,
Were callous to pain that is selfish,
And keen for their Master's fame !

Oh, that the grief that moves us,
Were grief for God's love reviled :
For wounds that the heart of a Father
Has borne from the hand of a child !

Oh, that our poor complainings
Were changed into grateful lays ;
That the sighs of a heart in sadness
Were fragrant with perfume of praise !

Lord, help our earnest desires,
And give them a deeper root ;
Let them grow into flower and blossom,
And ripen to glorious fruit !

—Published in *The Month*, of June, 1876.

"SIC FACIENTEM."

A SOUL'S sad cry :

"Wearily toiling on my path of prayer,
Where is Thy loving help, my God, oh where?
'The well is dry!'

"Not one good thought,
Not one clear streak of light, as day by day
I strive to follow Thee, along the way
Thy saints have taught.

"Oh, pain untold!
How I have longed for one sweet contrite tear,
One throb of love—one sting of wholesome fear!
But all is cold.

"Still, as I try
To catch the genial rays, the sharp frost nips :
Oh, for the faintest smile from those dear lips—
From that dear eye !

“ And yet I know
That kneeling, knocking at the gate of prayer,
Each morning still shall find me waiting there :
I will not go ! ”

O soul, be brave !
The dew will one day fall on thy poor flowers ;
The store of all those patient, weary hours
The Lord doth save.

Locked in His care,
And gathered 'mid His pearls of costly price,
The treasures of our Home in Paradise,
Thy prayers are there.

There too thy tears :
Those tears of sorrow Thou wouldst fain have shed,
Though all within seemed dry, and cold, and dead,
These many years.

Thus learn to live,
Live, toil, and wait : aye, *waiting* is the task
Thy Lord hath laid on thee : and shall *He* ask,
And *thou* not give ?

O Love Divine !

Working or waiting here for Thy dear sake,
Our courage shall not faint, nor spirit break,
For we are Thine !

—Published in *The Month*, of January, 1876.

MAGDALENE.

LET fall the glorious tresses that adorn
 A head once lifted up in pride and power ;
 Those waving locks that circle o'er a brow
 Surpassing fair ; half veiling radiant eyes
 That once were raised to conquer and to slay
 In all their might of beauty ! But to-day
 Lay down thy weapons, for a mightier Foe
 Than all among those ranks of feeble men
 (Who when they see thy face are shorn of strength),
 Hurls down thy pride ! An eye more keen than all,
 Stronger and tenderer, has o'er mastered thee,
 To win thy soul. Behold thy day has come !
 Down in the dust ! And let the o'erladen heart
 Break forth in tears to bathe the holy feet—
 The feet that wearied not in seeking thee :
 Low in the dust ! beneath the holy Eyes,
 The all pure eyes that deign to look on thee :
 Low in the dust ! beneath the sacred hands,
 The hands so soon to be transfixed for thee.

Bend down, and let the torrent of thy grief,
Thy passionate sorrow, find itself a path—
A hallowed channel, where, with rapid rush,
Borne on by weight of hard and heavy pain,
It may discharge its stream in that vast gulf
Whose deepest limit never has been reached ;
The gulf divine—the heart of thine own Lord !
Here thou mayst weep, and never weep in vain :
Here thou mayst love, and never love too much :
Here thou mayst trust, and never be deceived :
For tears, and love, and trust, are dear to Him,
Sweet with a precious fragrance, far beyond
The costly perfumes thou hast brought for Him.
Much is forgiven thee, for thou lovest much :
And when His hour has come, thy place shall be
Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave.
My God, how gently stoops Thy pitying love,
And oh, how brightly shine those crowns in heaven
Whose gems are formed of penitential tears !

—Published in *The Month*, of May, 1877.

LINES ON THE RUINS OF THORNDON HALL.

I STOOD by the dark old pile :
 The mighty shell of a glory dead,
 The ruin whence beauty and life had fled :
 I stood, and I gazed awhile.

My heart was heavy and sad :
 For I knew of the many and bitter tears
 That flowed at the thought of bygone years,
 From eyes that were bright and glad.

The children's home is gone !
 For the sword of flame hath barred the door
 Of their earthly Eden for evermore ;
 And its place is drear and lone.

Only the silent walls
 Stand out with a stern and solemn grace
 Around the vast and desolate space—
 The once majestic halls.

Look up, true hearts and brave !
And think, 'mid the anguish that ye have felt,
'Neath the heavy stroke God's will hath dealt,
Of your Home beyond the grave.

A Home not built with hands :
But strong with the beams of each earthly cross
So meekly carried, through pain and loss,
Wherever your Lord commands.

And though your eyes be dim
With tears, from old memories, sad or sweet,
Brave souls, e'en now at your Father's feet
Raise a thanksgiving hymn.

Thank Him Who leaves so much :
The loving hearts, all closely bound,
That make a home and a hallowed ground,
No earthly fire can touch !

Great gifts to you are given :
And none more great than the calm strong will
That has learned to take both good and ill
As steps on your road to heaven.

—Published in *The Month*, of June, 1878.

THE SON OF A KING FOR ME !

A MAIDEN stood in her tower and gazed
O'er the broad ancestral plain,
And the stream that shone like a silver band
Thro' the fields of golden grain.

Fair Hildegard was a maiden rich
With the wealth of lands and gold ;
She shone with a beauty unsurpassed,
And her will no man controlled.

Full many a noble suitor came
To crave for her hand and heart,
But she turned aside with a scornful pride,
And she bade them all depart.

In her pride she said, " I will never wed
Save one whose ancestral tree
Is rooted deep in a royal race—
The son of a king for me ! "

And last of all, young Randolph came,
The child of a noble line :
" O, Hildegard ! wilt thou be my bride ?
My blood is as pure as thine ! "

He had held her hand, and had gazed awhile
In the depth of her glorious eyes :
He had offered his all, and his own true heart,
To win such a matchless prize.

But she shook her head, and she proudly said,
" I cannot wed with thee :
E'en if thy blood be pure as mine,
The son of a king for me ! "

And now as she stood in her tower, and gazed
On the broad ancestral plain,
On the stream that shone as a silver band
'Mid the fields of golden grain ;

She cried in haste to her waiting maid,
" Come hither and deck my hair,
And bring me the costliest robe of all,
And the gems most rich and rare " ,

And she thought : " I go to the court this day,
With a hope that I dare not tell ;
For the king's own son hath bid me come,
And I know that he loves me well ".

As she stood arrayed in her rich attire,
A vision of beauty fair,
She said to herself, " Perchance 'twere well
If I knelt to say one prayer ".

She knelt where she had been taught to pray,
'Neath the form of the Crucified ;
And with upturned eyes she clasped her hands
On a bosom that swelled with pride.

But a sudden thrill shot through her frame,
And she seemed to gasp for breath,
As she strained her eyes to the Crucified,
Who had loved her to bitter death,—

And a voice that pierced her inmost soul,
Said, " Give thyself up to Me :
For I am the Son of a mighty King,
And I gave up all for thee ".

245
108

21 181

THE SON OF A KING FOR ME !

181

She gave one cry, at His feet she lay,
While the burning tears fell fast :
His power had triumphed o'er worldly pride
Her heart had been won at last !

Then she flung aside her costly robe,
And she put her gems away :
With her arms entwined around the cross
She spent that festive day.

* * * * *

Ere long a maiden in lowly garb
Knocked at the convent door—
“O Mother ! I loved the world too much,
But my God hath loved me more !”

She entered among the saintly flock,
And her spirit was glad and free :
She said : “ I have gained my heart's desire—
The Son of a King for me !”

—Published in *The Month*, of March, 1882.

70

61111

2276





